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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The Martyrs of Science; or, the Lives of Galileo, Tycho Brahe, and Kepler. By Sir David Brewster, K.H. D.C.L. &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 267. London, 1841. Murray.

The Martyrs of Science! It was Locke, we believe, who declared that "he never could resist the force of a title-page artfully drawn up; and had been led into the reading of an infinite number of bad books by the specious appearance of the front." We thought of this when we read the captivating title of *The Martyrs of Science*, and felt assured that had Locke lived in our day, he must have yielded to the artful page of his brother philosopher. But then how pleasant must have been his emotion on finding, when he reached the end of the volume, that it was not one of disappointment; but, on the contrary, a very delightful performance, containing gemlike portraits of the three extraordinary geniuses whose memories it enshrines, such as might be expected from the themes when developed by so kindred a mind as that of Sir David Brewster. It is, indeed, a charming and appropriate little work; and after all that has been written, and amply and ably too, of these mighty discoverers of the sixteenth century, it comes upon us with a degree of freshness and intellectual equality, which must warmly recommend it to public attention and esteem.

It is in itself truly "a remarkable circumstance in the history of science, that astronomy should have been cultivated at the same time by three such distinguished men as Tycho, Kepler, and Galileo. While Tycho, in the fifty-fourth year of his age, was observing the heavens at Prague, Kepler, only thirty years old, was applying his wild genius to the determination of the orbit of Mars, and Galileo, at the age of thirty-six, was about to direct the telescope to the unexplored regions of space. The diversity of gifts which Providence assigned to these three philosophers was no less remarkable. Tycho was destined to lay the foundation of modern astronomy, by a vast series of accurate observations made with the largest and the finest instruments; it was the proud lot of Kepler to deduce the laws of the planetary orbits from the observations of his predecessors; while Galileo enjoyed the more dazzling honour of discovering by the telescope new celestial bodies, and new systems of worlds."

These matters are finely illustrated in each of the biographies by Sir David Brewster; and though it is not quite made out that they were such very great martyrs of science (even Galileo less cruelly than is generally believed), yet it is clear enough that they suffered as severely of the ordinary distresses and privations of life, as if they had belonged to the common herd of mankind; and then they had far superior engagements into which to retreat from the harassments and miseries incident to all human struggles,—they had the pursuits of philosophy to fall back upon; and in the sublimest questions of earth and heaven, they could seek forgetfulness of their wrongs and woes. It is a blessed thing that science and literature offer this compensation; though we cannot go entirely the length of our admired author, when he tells us, in

his dedication to Lord Gray, that "next to the satisfaction of cultivating science, and thus laying up the only earthly treasure which we can carry along with us into a better state, is that of having encouraged and assisted others in the same beneficent labours."

Leaving, however, this bold affirmation, doubtful of the idea that any of our sublunary knowledge of astronomy, or the principles of light, vision, or electricity, would be of much value to us in the "better state" alluded to, we shall come at once to the first memoir of the famous Galileo; and we trust we shall be excused if, instead of dates and circumstances, we rather make our selections from the fine philosophical reflections with which Sir David has adorned his narrative. Thus, speaking of Galileo's indiscreet ardour, he remarks:—

"The detection of long-established errors is apt to inspire the young philosopher with an exultation which reason condemns. The feeling of triumph is apt to clothe itself in the language of asperity; and the abettor of erroneous opinions is treated as a species of enemy to science. Like the soldier who fleshes his first spear in battle, the philosopher is apt to leave the stain of cruelty on his early achievements. It is only from age and experience, indeed, that we can expect the discretion of valour, whether it is called forth in controversy or in battle. Galileo seems to have waged this stern warfare against the followers of Aristotle; and such was the exasperation which was excited by his reiterated and successful attacks, that he was assailed, during the rest of his life, with a degree of rancour which seldom originates in a mere difference of opinion. Forgetting that all knowledge is progressive, and that the errors of one generation call forth the comments, and are replaced by the discoveries, of the next, Galileo did not anticipate that his own speculations and incomplete labours might one day provoke unmitigated censure; and he therefore failed in making allowance for the prejudices and ignorance of his opponents. He who enjoys the proud lot of taking a position in advance of his age need not wonder that his less gifted contemporaries are left behind. Men are not necessarily obstinate because they cleave to deeply rooted and venerable errors; nor are they absolutely dull when they are long in understanding and slow in embracing newly discovered truths."

In spite of all opposition, this wonderful man, nevertheless, rose to fame and fortune; and it is only after a time that his playing false and loose with the religious opinions of his age betrayed him into the power of his enemies, and embittered the later portion of his life:—

"The current of Galileo's life had hitherto flowed in a smooth and unobstructed channel. He had now attained the highest objects of earthly ambition. His discoveries had placed him at the head of the great men of the age; he possessed a professional income far beyond his wants, and even beyond his anticipations; and, what is still dearer to a philosopher, he enjoyed the most perfect leisure for carrying on and completing his discoveries. The opposition which these discoveries encountered was to him more a subject for triumph than for sorrow.

Prejudice and ignorance were his only enemies; and if they succeeded for a while in harassing his march, it was only to lay a foundation for fresh achievements. He who contends for truths which he has himself been permitted to discover, may well sustain the conflict in which presumption and error are destined to fall. The public tribunal may neither be sufficiently pure nor enlightened to decide upon the issue; but he can appeal to posterity, and reckon with confidence on 'its sure decree.' The ardour of Galileo's mind, the keenness of his temper, his clear perception of truth, and his inexhaustible love of it, combined to exasperate and prolong the hostility of his enemies. When argument failed to enlighten their judgment, and reason to dispel their prejudices, he wielded against them his powerful weapons of ridicule and sarcasm; and in this unrelenting warfare, he seems to have forgotten that Providence had withheld from his enemies those very gifts which he had so liberally received. He who is allowed to take the start of his species, and to penetrate the veil which conceals from common minds the mysteries of nature, must not expect that the world will be patiently dragged at the chariot-wheels of his philosophy. Mind has its inertia as well as matter; and its progress to truth can only be insured by the gradual and patient removal of the obstructions which surround it. The boldness—may we not say the recklessness?—with which Galileo insisted upon making proselytes of his enemies, served but to alienate them from the truth. Errors thus assailed speedily entrench themselves in general feelings, and become embalmed in the virulence of the passions. The various classes of his opponents marshalled themselves for their mutual defence. The Aristotelian professors, the temporising Jesuits, the political churchmen, and that timid but respectable body who at all times dread innovation, whether it be in religion or in science, entered into an alliance against the philosophical tyrant, who threatened them with the penalties of knowledge. The party of Galileo, though weak in numbers, was not without power and influence. He had trained around him a devoted band, who idolised his genius and cherished his doctrines. His pupils had been appointed to several of the principal professorships in Italy. The enemies of religion were on this occasion united with the Christian philosopher; and there were, even in these days, many princes and nobles who had felt the inconvenience of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and who secretly abetted Galileo in his crusade against established errors."

The tug of war ensued, and the philosopher was brought to his *mea culpa*:—

"The ceremony of Galileo's abjuration was one of exciting interest and of awful formality. Clothed in the sackcloth of a repentant criminal, the venerable sage fell upon his knees before the assembled cardinals; and laying his hands upon the Holy Evangelists, he invoked the Divine aid in abjuring and detesting, and vowing never again to teach the doctrine of the earth's motion, and of the sun's stability. He pledged himself that he would never again, either in words or in writing, propagate such

heresies; and he swore that he would fulfil and observe the penances which had been inflicted upon him. At the conclusion of this ceremony, in which he recited his abjuration word for word, and then signed it, he was conveyed, in conformity with his sentence, to the prison of the Inquisition. The account which we have now given of the trial and the sentence of Galileo is pregnant with the deepest interest and instruction. Human nature is here drawn in its darkest colouring; and in surveying the melancholy picture, it is difficult to decide whether religion or philosophy has been most degraded. While we witness the presumptuous priest pronouncing infallible the decrees of his own erring judgment, we see the high-minded philosopher abjuring the eternal and immutable truths which he had himself the glory of establishing. In the ignorance and prejudices of the age—in a too literal interpretation of the language of Scripture—in a mistaken respect for the errors that had become venerable from their antiquity—and in the peculiar position which Galileo had taken among the avowed enemies of the church, we may find the elements of an apology, poor though it be, for the conduct of the Inquisition. But what excuse can we devise for the humiliating confession and abjuration of Galileo? Why did this master-spirit of the age—this high-priest of the stars—this representative of science—this hoary sage, whose career of glory was near its consummation—why did he reject the crown of martyrdom which he had himself coveted, and which, plaited with immortal laurels, was about to descend upon his head? If, in place of disavowing the laws of Nature, and surrendering in his own person the intellectual dignity of his species, he had boldly asserted the truth of his opinions, and confided his character to posterity, and his cause to an all-ruling Providence, he would have strung up the hair-suspended sabre, and disarmed for ever the hostility which threatened to overwhelm him. The philosopher, however, was supported only by philosophy; and in the love of truth he found a miserable substitute for the hopes of the martyr. Galileo cowered under the fear of man, and his submission was the salvation of the Church. The sword of the Inquisition descended on his prostrate neck; and though its stroke was not physical, yet it fell with a moral influence fatal to the character of its victim and to the dignity of science. In studying with attention this portion of scientific history, the reader will not fail to perceive that the Church of Rome was driven into a dilemma, from which the submission and abjuration of Galileo could alone extricate it. He who confesses a crime and denounces its atrocity not only sanctions but inflicts the punishment which is annexed to it. Had Galileo declared his innocence and avowed his sentiments, and had he appealed to the past conduct of the Church itself, to the acknowledged opinions of its dignitaries, and even to the acts of its pontiffs, he would have at once confounded his accusers, and escaped from their toils. After Copernicus, himself a Catholic priest, had openly maintained the motion of the earth and the stability of the sun,—after he had dedicated the work which advocated these opinions to Pope Paul III., on the express ground that the authority of the pontiff might silence the calumnies of those who attacked these opinions by arguments drawn from Scripture,—after the Cardinal Schonberg and the Bishop of Culm had urged Copernicus to publish the new doctrines, and after the Bishop of Ermeland had

erected a monument to commemorate his great discoveries,—how could the Church of Rome have appealed to its pontifical decrees as the ground of persecuting and punishing Galileo? Even in later times the same doctrines had been propagated with entire toleration. Nay, in the very year of Galileo's first persecution, Paul Anthony Foscarinus, a learned Carmelite monk, wrote a pamphlet, in which he illustrates and defends the mobility of the earth, and endeavours to reconcile to this new doctrine the passages of Scripture which had been employed to subvert it. This very singular production was dated from the Carmelite convent at Naples; was dedicated to the very reverend Sebastian Fantoni, general of the Carmelite order; and, sanctioned by the ecclesiastical authorities, it was published at Naples in 1615, the very year of the first persecution of Galileo."

With these impartial and just sentiments we close the page on Galileo, who died in his seventy-eighth year, January 8th, 1642; and turn to one in the life of Tycho Brahe:—

"The ardour with which he pursued his studies gave great umbrage to his friends as well as to his relations. He was reproached for having abandoned the profession of the law; his astronomical observations were ridiculed as not only useless but degrading; and, among his numerous connexions, his maternal uncle, Steno Bille, was the only one who applauded him for following the bent of his genius. Under these uncomfortable circumstances he resolved to quit his country, and pay a visit to the most interesting cities of Germany. At Wittenberg, where he arrived in April 1566, he resumed his astronomical observations; but, in consequence of the plague having broken out in that city, he removed to Rostoch in the following autumn. Here an accident occurred which had nearly deprived him of his life. On the 10th December he was invited to a wedding feast; and, among other guests, there was present a noble countryman of his own, Manderupius Pasbergius. Some difference having arisen between them on this occasion, they parted with feelings of mutual displeasure. On the 27th of the same month, they met again at some festive games, and having revived their former quarrel, they agreed to settle their differences by the sword. They accordingly met at seven o'clock in the evening of the 29th, and fought in total darkness. In this blind combat, Manderupius cut off the whole of the front of Tycho's nose, and it was fortunate for astronomy that his more valuable organs were defended by so faithful an outpost. The quarrel, which is said to have originated in a difference of opinion respecting their mathematical acquirements, terminated here; and Tycho repaired his loss by cementing upon his face a nose of gold and silver, which is said to have formed a good imitation of the original."

Alas! there were no Robert Listons in those times; and with this single mishap with regard to his prominent feature, we read at the end of the second chapter:—

"Hitherto we have followed Tycho through a career of almost unexampled prosperity. When he had scarcely reached his thirtieth year, he was established, by the kindness and liberality of his sovereign, in the most splendid observatory that had ever been erected in Europe; and a thriving family, an ample income, and a widely extended reputation, were added to his blessings. Of the value of these gifts he was deeply sensible, and he enjoyed them the more that he received them with a grateful

heart. Tycho was a Christian as well as a philosopher. The powers of his gifted mind have been amply displayed in his astronomical labours; but we shall now have occasion to witness his piety and resignation in submitting to an unexpected and an adverse destiny."

His martyrdom consisted in being driven from his Danish Island of Huen and observatory, and compelled to seek his fortunes in new lands under new auspices. These, however, he speedily found; and we add but one link to the chain of our quotations concerning him:—

"Among the extravagant pretensions of the alchemists, that of forming a universal medicine was, perhaps, not the most irrational. It was only when they pretended to cure every disease, and to confer longevity, that they did violence to reason. The success of the Arabian physicians in the use of mercurial preparations naturally led to the belief that other medicines, still more general in their application, and efficacious in their healing powers, might yet be brought to light; and we have no doubt that many substantial discoveries were the result of such overstrained expectations. Tycho was not merely a believer in the medical dogmas of the alchemists, he was actually the discoverer of a new elixir, which went by his name, and which was sold in every apothecary's shop as a specific against the epidemic diseases which were then ravaging Germany. The Emperor Rudolph having heard of this celebrated medicine, obtained a small portion of it from Tycho by the hands of the Governor of Brandisium; but, not satisfied with the gift, he seems to have applied to Tycho for an account of the method of preparing it. Tycho accordingly addressed to the Emperor a long letter, dated September 7, 1599, containing a minute account of the process. The base of this remarkable medicine is Venetian treacle, which undergoes an infinity of chemical operations and admixtures before it is ready for the patient. When properly prepared, he assures the Emperor that is better than gold, and that it may be made still more valuable by mixing with it a single scruple either of the tincture of corals, or sapphire, or hyacinth; or a solution of pearls, or of potable gold, if it can be obtained free of all corrosive matter! In order to render the medicine universal for all diseases which can be cured by perspiration, and which, he says, form a third of those which attack the human frame, he combines it with antimony, a well-known sudorific in the present practice of physic. Tycho concludes his letter by humbly beseeching the Emperor to keep the process secret, and reserve the medicine for himself alone! The same disposition of mind which made Tycho an astrologer and an alchemist inspired him with a singular love of the marvellous. He had various automata with which he delighted to astonish the peasants; and, by means of invisible bells, which communicated with every part of his establishment, and which rung with the gentlest touch, he had great pleasure in bringing any of his pupils suddenly before strangers, muttering at a particular time the words, 'Come hither, Peter,' as if he had commanded their presence by some supernatural agency. If, on leaving home, he met with an old woman or a hare, he returned immediately to his house. But the most extraordinary of all his peculiarities remains to be noticed. When he lived at Uraniburg, he maintained an idiot of the name of Lep, who lay at his feet whenever he sat down to dinner, and whom he fed with his own hand.

Persuaded that his mind, when moved, was capable of foretelling future events, Tycho carefully marked every thing he said. Lest it should be supposed that this was done to no purpose, Longomontanus relates, that when any person in the island was sick, Lep never, when interrogated, failed to predict whether the patient would live or die. It is stated, also, in the letters of Wormius, both to Gassendi and Peyter, that when Tycho was absent, and his pupils became very noisy and merry in consequence of not expecting him soon home, the idiot, who was present, exclaimed, '*Juncher xaa laudit*,—Your master has arrived.' On another occasion, when Tycho had sent two of his pupils to Copenhagen on business, and had fixed the day of their return, Lep surprised him on that day while he was at dinner, by exclaiming, 'Behold, your pupils are bathing in the sea!' Tycho, suspecting that they were shipwrecked, sent some person to the observatory to look for their boat. The messenger brought back word that he saw some persons wet on the shore, and in distress, with a boat upset at a great distance. These stories have been given by Gassendi, and may be viewed as specimens of the superstition of the age."

We have now only to pay our respects to Kepler, by copying a few passages from his memoir:—

"Although Kepler now filled one of the most honourable situations to which a philosopher could aspire, and possessed a large salary fitted to supply his most reasonable wants, yet, as the imperial treasury was drained by the demands of an expensive war, his salary was always in arrear. Owing to this cause he was constantly involved in pecuniary difficulties, and, as he himself described his situation, he was perpetually begging his bread from the Emperor at Prague. His increasing family rendered the want of money still more distressing, and he was driven to the painful alternative of drawing his income from casting nativities. From the same cause he was obliged to abandon his plan of publishing the Rudolphine Tables, and to devote himself to works of a less expensive kind, and which were more likely to yield some pecuniary advantages. In spite of these embarrassments, and the occupation of his time in the practice of astrology, Kepler found leisure for his favourite pursuits. No adverse circumstances were capable of extinguishing his scientific ardour, and whenever he directed his vigorous mind to the investigation of phenomena, he never failed to obtain interesting and original results. * * *

In the year 1620, Sir Henry Wotton, the English ambassador at Venice, paid a visit to Kepler on his way through Germany. It does not appear whether or not this visit was paid at the desire of James I., to whom Kepler had dedicated one of his works, but from the nature of the communication which was made to him by the ambassador, there are strong reasons to think that this was the case. Sir Henry Wotton urged Kepler to take up his residence in England, where he could assure him of a welcome and an honourable reception; but, notwithstanding the pecuniary difficulties in which he was then involved, he did not accept of the invitation. In referring to this offer in one of his letters, written a year after it was made, he thus balances the difficulties of the question:—'*The fires of civil war*,' says he, '*are raging in Germany. Shall I then cross the sea whither Wotton invites me? I, a German, a lover of firm land, who dread the confinement of an island, who preface its dangers, and must*

drag along with me my little wife and flock of children?' As Kepler seems to have entertained no doubt of his being well provided for in England, it is the more probable that the British sovereign had made him a distinct offer through his ambassador. A welcome and an honourable reception, in the ordinary sense of these terms, could not have supplied the wants of a starving astronomer, who was called upon to renounce a large though an ill-paid salary in his native land; and Kepler had experienced too deeply the faithlessness of royal pledges to trust his fortune to so vague an assurance as that which is implied in the language of the English ambassador. During the two centuries which have elapsed since this invitation was given to Kepler, there has been no reign during which the most illustrious foreigner could hope for pecuniary support, either from the sovereign or the government of England. What English science has never been able to command for her indigenous talent, was not likely to be proffered to foreign merit. The generous hearts of individual Englishmen, indeed, are always open to the claims of intellectual pre-eminence, and ever ready to welcome the stranger whom it adorns; but through the frozen life-blood of a British minister such sympathies have seldom vibrated; and, amid the struggles of faction and the anxieties of personal and family ambition, he has turned a deaf ear to the demands of Genius, whether she appeared in the humble posture of a suppliant, or in the prouder attitude of a national benefactor. If the imperial mathematician, therefore, had no other assurance of a comfortable home in England than that of Sir Henry Wotton, he acted a wise part in distrusting it; and we rejoice that the sacred name of Kepler was thus withheld from the long list of distinguished characters whom England has starved and dishonoured."

We read these bitter observations with grief and shame; and hasten from them to conclude with the author's just and striking summing up of Kepler's character:—

"When Kepler directed his mind to the discovery of a general principle, he set distinctly before him, and never once lost sight of, the explicit object of his search. His imagination, now unreined, indulged itself in the creation and invention of various hypotheses. The most plausible, or perhaps the most fascinating, of these was then submitted to a rigorous scrutiny; and the moment it was found to be incompatible with the results of observation and experiment, it was willingly abandoned, and another hypothesis submitted to the same severe ordeal. By thus gradually excluding erroneous views and assumptions, Kepler not only made a decided approximation to the object of his pursuit, but in the trials to which his opinions were submitted, and in the observations or experiments which they called forth, he discovered new facts and arrived at new views which directed his subsequent inquiries. By pursuing this method, he succeeded in his most difficult researches, and discovered those beautiful and profound laws which have been the admiration of succeeding ages. In tracing the route which he followed, it is easy for those who live under the light of modern science to say that his fancies were often wild, and his labour often wasted; but, in judging of Kepler's methods, we ought to place ourselves in his times, and invest ourselves with the opinions and the knowledge of his contemporaries. In the infancy of a science there is no speculation so absurd as not to merit examination. The most remote and fanciful explanations of facts have often been found the true ones; and

opinions which have in one century been objects of ridicule, have in the next been admitted among the elements of our knowledge. The physical world teems with wonders, and the various forms of matter exhibit to us properties and relations far more extraordinary than the wildest fancy could have conceived. Human reason stands appalled before this magnificent display of creative power, and they who have drunk deepest of its wisdom will be the least disposed to limit the excursions of physical speculation. The influence of the imagination as an instrument of research has, we think, been much overlooked by those who have ventured to give laws to philosophy. This faculty is of the greatest value in physical inquiries. If we use it as a guide, and confide in its indications, it will infallibly deceive us; but if we employ it as an auxiliary, it will afford us the most invaluable aid. Its operation is like that of the light troops which are sent out to ascertain the strength and position of an enemy: when the struggle commences, their services terminate; and it is by the solid phalanx of the judgment that the battle must be fought and won."

The Life of Beethoven, including his Correspondence with his Friends, Numerous Characteristic Traits, and Remarks on his Musical Works. Edited by Ignace Moscheles, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1841. Colburn.

SEEMING that no other art or science is so productive of instances of such precocious and wonderful genius as music is, we confess that we are not among those who attach prodigious importance to the phenomena. Even in the case of a Beethoven, we know not whether we are most gratified by the manifestation of extraordinary powers, or repelled by the monstrous waywardness and perversity that attended them, and marred their development and disfigured their effect. When we consider these things, and the multitude of untoward matters arising out of them as described with minute particularity in these volumes, we are rather inclined to exclaim with the bard,—

"'Tis strange such difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee!"

If the annoyance of such affectations and inconsistencies was confined to real genius,—and be it remembered that they are not necessarily allied to glorious faculties of the mind divine, since the greatest men that ever lived have been singularly free from them—it would be more endurable. But when Imitation, in all its descending grades, takes up the tone, and from the topmost composers to the lowest fiddle-scrappers we have the pseudo, irregular, irritable, and half-mad Beethovens, the extended nuisance is not to be borne with any degree of placidity; and our resentment falls back on the origin, unconscious or otherwise, of so much dismal folly and offensive singularity. The very portrait in front of this work tells the whole tale. Such a look! such eyes! such a neckcloth! and such a wild, shaggy head of hair! all bespeak the disorder of the brain within, and shew that the greatest musical talent may be concomitant with the greatest absurdity. And, indeed, the whole of Beethoven's conduct was but additional proof of the fact; and if poor Oliver Goldsmith could be called an inspired idiot, sure we are that this mighty master of the lyre might safely be promoted to the dignity of chief of that class.

We are not inclined here to enter upon the inquiry, whether music, in comparison with

other sciences addressed to the improvement, elevation, or delight of man, does or does not receive more than its due share of homage and reward; but sure we are that its professors have no reason to complain of their position in the social system of the civilised world. We are all willing to pay for our pleasures, and those who minister to them generally fare well; and thus it happens that a fine voice is a much more valuable property than an enlightened mind, nimble elbows or fingers,—accomplishments far superior to nimble wit or humour; and stout lungs, and long wind to inflate trumpet, bassoon, or cornet-à-piston, infinitely better for their owners than a fertile imagination and noble poetic vein.

Entertaining these opinions, and thinking Mr. Schindler's memoir, of which this is a translation, of a piece very consonant to the *bizarrie* of the subject, we do not deem it requisite to take up the theme with the ludicrous seriousness of a *fancioso per la musica*. Much as we love and admire Beethoven, we do not fancy that he has amended the harmony of the universe, or that the melody of nature must have ceased but for his avatar. He was a giant in his art, and something very like a fool out of it; and, therefore, it is with his art that we are concerned: and as for the incidents of his folly, his squabbles with signoras and signors, his fights with his brothers, his rudenesses to his friends, and all his other eccentricities, we care to know as little about them as might be described in a sheet of foolscap. Of the former, Mr. Moscheles, who has executed his part of this task with great skill and judgment, observes:—

"My feelings with respect to Beethoven's music have undergone no variation, save to become warmer. In the first half-score of years of my acquaintance with his works, he was repulsive to me as well as attractive. In each of them, while I felt my mind fascinated by the prominent idea, and my enthusiasm kindled by the flashes of his genius, his unlooked-for episodes, shrill dissonances, and bold modulations, gave me an unpleasant sensation. But how soon did I become reconciled to them! All that had appeared hard I soon found indispensable. The gnome-like pleasantries, which at first appeared so distorted—the stormy masses of sound, which I found too chaotic—I have, in after-times, learned to love. But, while retracing my early critical exceptions, I must still maintain as my creed, that eccentricities like those of Beethoven are reconcilable with his works alone, and are dangerous models to other composers, many of whom have been wrecked in their attempts at imitation. Whether the musical world can ever recognise the most modern examples of effort to outdo Beethoven in boldness and originality of conception, I leave to future generations to decide."

Speaking of the numerous hands now employed on musical performances, Mr. Schindler says:—

"Haydn's 'Creation' and Handel's Oratorios attracted unprecedented audiences, and afforded the highest gratification, with bands of one hundred and fifty, or at most two hundred performers; whereas, in our over-refined times from six to eight hundred, nay, even upwards of a thousand, are required by people in order to enjoy the din which this legion produces, while little or no attention is paid to the main point." And the editor adds:—"The consequences of this excess must inevitably follow, and the gigantic enterprises of this kind that are so frequently seen

and heard of, resting on insecure foundations, will, by degrees, fall of themselves, after doing much more injury than benefit to the art."

In the remarks with which we have pre-faced this notice, we ought, in justice to our own feelings, to state that they are rather directed against the *imitatores servum pecus*, the paltry race of pigmies who ape the blemishes of some remarkable genius, than against the individual Beethoven, for whom a single infirmity, the worst that could assail a person like him, would plead, trumpet-tongued, in excuse for all his faults:—

"In and with those times (says his biographer in closing the first period of his life), and among their noblest and best, lived Beethoven, in cheerful Vienna, where his genius found thousand-fold encouragement to exert its power, free and unfettered, and exposed to no other misrepresentations and enmity than those of envy alone. This was a splendid era of art, such an era as may perhaps never recur; and, with special reference to Beethoven, the golden age. Under such circumstances, surrounded and beloved by persons of such delicate sentiments, he ought to have been completely happy; and he certainly would have been so but for a hardness of hearing, which, even then,—that is to say, in the latter years of this first period of his life,—began to afflict him, and was sometimes of long continuance. This complaint, which affected his temper, was subsequently aggravated into a dreadful disease, which rendered him inexpressibly miserable."

Like Byron's lameness, this deafness, far more afflicting to the sufferer, poisoned the days of Beethoven and much impeded his musical progress. His imperfect hearing was a sore obstacle to the elaboration of his studies and writings, and to the leading or correcting of others in realising his grand conceptions. But connected with this circumstance is a passage at which we could not choose but laugh, as one of the drollest apologies we ever met with from a panegyrist determined to discover nothing but perfection in the object of his praise:—

"At the time of the second French invasion, in 1809, Beethoven did not quit Vienna any more than he had done during the first. Had he on this occasion been concerned for his personal safety, and capable of such cowardice as M. Ries leaves the reader to suppose that he betrayed, he could have taken a thousand opportunities to quit the capital before its occupation; and if, during its bombardment, he retreated to the cellar, he did no more than was done, at that critical moment, by the whole population; and Dr. Wegeler conjectures that he may have been moreover induced to take this precaution by the painful effect of the thunder of the cannon upon his ailing ear."

But we must try to afford some of the peculiar traits of "our Master," as Schindler calls him:—

"In the years 1811 and 1812, nothing occurred of particular moment for the biographer of Beethoven. He lived in his usual way,—in winter in the city, and in summer in the country,—and adhered to his old custom of changing his place of abode as often in the twelvemonth as others do inns and places of diversion. Hence it was no uncommon thing for him to have three or four lodgings to pay for at once. The motives for these frequent changes were in general trivial. In one lodging, for instance, he had less sun than he wished; and if his landlord could not make that luminary shine longer into his apartment, Beethoven removed from it. In another, he disliked the water,

which was a prime necessary for him; and, if nothing could be done to please him on this point, Beethoven was off again; to say nothing of other insignificant causes, such as I shall have to illustrate by two comic anecdotes when I come to the years 1823 and 1824. In regard to his summer abodes he was particularly whimsical. It was a usual thing with him to remove in May to some place or other on the north side of the city; in July or August, to pack up all of a sudden, and go to the south side. It is easy to conceive how much unnecessary expense this mode of proceeding must have entailed.

In his last years, Beethoven was so well known throughout the whole great city as a restless lodger, that it was difficult to find a suitable place of abode for him. At an earlier period, it was his friend, Baron Pasqualati, who kept apartments in constant readiness for the fickle Beethoven. If he could not find any that he liked better, he returned, with bag and baggage, to the third or fourth floor at Pasqualati's; where, however, not a ray of sunshine was ever to be seen, because the house has a northern aspect. Beethoven, nevertheless, frequently resided there for a considerable time. In these three years of the second period he laboured assiduously, and we see already nearly one hundred of his works in the catalogue. The price of them increased from year to year, and in the like proportion increased Beethoven's necessities, whims, and eccentricities, or whatever you choose to call them. Large as were the sums that he earned, he had not laid by any thing; nor did his brother Carl, who at that time had the entire management of all his affairs, strive to prevail upon him to do so. The first impulse to secure by economy a competence for the future, was given by an excellent woman, whose name must not be omitted here: it was Madame Nanette Streicher (her maiden name was Stein), whose persuasions were beneficial to Beethoven in another point besides that just mentioned, inasmuch as they induced him again to mingle in society, though indeed but for a short time, after he had almost entirely withdrawn himself from it. Madame Streicher found Beethoven in the summer of 1813 in the most deplorable condition with reference to his personal and domestic comforts. He had neither a decent coat nor a whole shirt; and I must forbear to describe his condition such as it really was. Madame Streicher put his wardrobe and his domestic matters to rights, assisted by M. Andreas Streicher (a friend of Schiller's from his youth), and Beethoven complied with all her suggestions. He again took lodgings for the ensuing winter at Pasqualati's; hired a man-servant, who was a tailor, and had a wife; but she did not live in the house with him. This couple paid the greatest attention to Beethoven, who now found himself quite comfortable, and for the first time began to accustom himself to a regular way of life; that is to say, in so far as it was possible for him. While his attendant followed his business undisturbed in the anteroom, Beethoven produced in the adjoining apartment many of his immortal works; for instance, the Symphony in A major, the Battle Symphony, the cantata 'Der Glorreiche Augenblick' (the Glorious Moment), and several others. In this situation I will now leave him, and close the second period of his life, from the motley events of which the reader may, of himself, draw this conclusion:—that if the first period of Beethoven's life may be justly called his golden age, that which immediately followed it was not a silver age, but an age of brass."

A short extract from his journal will show

what sort of a family or domestic life he led : it is a curiosity in its way :—

"1019, 31st January.—Given warning to the housekeeper. 15th February.—The kitchen-maid came. 8th March.—The kitchen-maid gave a fortnight's warning. 22d of this month the new housekeeper came. 12th May.—Arrived at Mödling. Miser et pauper sum. 14th May.—The housemaid came; to have six florins per month. 20th July.—Given warning to the housekeeper. 1820, 17th April.—The kitchen-maid came. A bad day. (This means that he had nothing to eat, because all the victuals were spoiled through long waiting). 16th May.—Given warning to the kitchen-maid. 19th.—The kitchen-maid left. 30th.—The woman came. 1st July.—The kitchen-maid arrived. 28th.—At night the kitchen-maid ran away. 30th.—The woman from Unter-Döbling came. The four bad days, 10th, 11th, 12th, and 14th August. Dined at Lerchenfeld. 28th.—The woman's month expires. 6th September.—The girl came. 22d October.—The girl left. 12th December.—The kitchen-maid came. 18th.—Given warning to the kitchen-maid. 27th.—The new housemaid came."

Well may we say with Swift,—

"To all an example; to no one a pattern."

"In the spring of 1823, Beethoven again took up his quarters in the pleasant village of Hetzendorf, where the Baron von Pronay assigned to him a suite of apartments in his beautiful villa. Supremely happy as he felt, when, in the first days of his residence there, he explored the noble park, or overlooked the charming landscape from his windows, yet he soon took a dislike to the place, and for no other reason than because 'the baron, whenever he met him, was continually making too profound obeisances to him.' On the 24th of August, he wrote to me that he could not stay there any longer, and requested me to be with him by five o'clock the following morning, to accompany him to Baden, and assist him to seek lodgings there. I did as he desired; and off he started, with bag and baggage, for Baden, though he had already paid for his lodgings at Hetzendorf for the whole of the summer."

The spoiled child! but hardly more so than Goethe, with Battine Arnim; and there are some very grotesque correspondence of the trio in these pages, which truly cause common sense to mourn at the prostitution of such intellects to such egotistical buffooneries. Complaisant and flattering enough to each other, there does not appear to have been any kind of forbearance in estimating the rest of their compatriots.

Thus Beethoven is stated, when asked about the "Freischütz," to have replied, "I believe one Weber wrote it;" and, on another occasion, to have angrily thrown away a volume of Sir Walter Scott, with which he had been trying to pass the time, exclaiming, "The man writes only for money." We shall now, however, conclude, and, in support of some of the sentiments we have thrown out, quote two passages,—the first descriptive of the extravagances inspired by the genius of Beethoven, and the last, of the beauties of his person, as identified in the portrait, on which we have admirably—

"The use of the bath was as much a necessity to Beethoven as to a Turk; and he was in the habit of submitting himself to frequent ablutions. When it happened that he did not walk out of doors to collect his ideas, he would

not unfrequently, in a fit of the most complete abstraction, go to his wash-hand basin, and pour several jugs of water upon his hands, all the while humming and roaring, for sing he could not. After dabbling in the water till his clothes were wet through, he would pace up and down the room, with a vacant expression of countenance, and his eyes frightfully distended; the singularity of his aspect being often increased by an unshaven beard. Then he would seat himself at his table and write; and afterwards get up again to the wash-hand basin, and dabble and hum as before. Ludicrous as were these scenes, no one dared venture to notice them, or to disturb him while engaged in his inspiring ablutions; for these were his moments, or I should rather say his hours, of profoundest meditation. It will be readily believed, that the people in whose houses he lodged were not very well pleased when they found the water trickling through the floor to the ceiling below, as sometimes happened; and Beethoven's change of lodgings was often the consequence of these occurrences. On such occasions, comical scenes sometimes ensued."

2d. "Beethoven's height scarcely exceeded five feet four inches, Vienna measure. His figure was compact, strong, and muscular. His head, which was unusually large, was covered with long, bushy grey hair, which, being always in a state of disorder, gave a certain wildness to his appearance. This wildness was not a little heightened when he suffered his beard to grow to a great length, as he frequently did. His forehead was high and expanded; and he had small brown eyes, which, when he laughed, seemed to be nearly sunk in his head; but, on the other hand, they were suddenly distended to an unusually large size when one of his musical ideas took possession of his mind. On such occasions he would look upwards, his eyes rolling and flashing brightly, or straight forward, with his eyeballs fixed and motionless. His whole personal appearance then underwent a sudden and striking change. There was an air of inspiration and dignity in his aspect, and his diminutive figure seemed to tower to the gigantic proportions of his mind. These fits of sudden inspiration frequently came upon Beethoven when he was in company, and even when he was in the street, where he naturally excited the marked attention of every passer by. Every thought that arose in his mind was expressed in his animated countenance. He never gesticulated either with his head or his hands, except when he was standing before the orchestra. His mouth was well formed; his under lip (at least in his younger years) protruded a little, and his nose was rather broad. His smile diffused an exceedingly amiable and animated expression over his countenance, which, when he was in conversation with strangers, had a peculiarly pleasing and encouraging effect. But though his smile was agreeable, his laugh was otherwise. It was too loud, and distorted his intelligent and strongly-marked features. When he laughed, his large head seemed to grow larger, his face became broader, and he might, not inaptly, have been likened to a grinning ape; but fortunately his fits of laughter were of very transient duration. His chin was marked in the middle, and on each side, with a long furrow, which imparted a striking peculiarity to that part of his countenance. His complexion was of a yellowish tint, which, however, went off in the summer season, when he was accustomed to be much out in the open air. His plump cheeks were then suffused with fresh hues of red and brown.

Under this latter aspect, full of health and vigour, and during one of his intervals of inspiration, the painter, H. Schimon (now in Munich), took his likeness."

Two Years before the Mast. A Personal Narrative of Life at Sea. 8vo. pp. 124. Double cols. London, 1841. Moxon.

THIS is a capital sailor's book, with a great deal of matter compressed into a small compass, and published at a cheap rate. It is the unvarnished tale of an American seaman, who had, however, received a liberal education at the university of Boston, but who, "to cure, if possible, by an entire change of life, and by a long absence from books and study, a weakness of the eyes," &c., entered into the merchant service, and during the period specified, discharged the duties of his rough and lowly station in the trade of the Pacific, principally on the coast of California. It is true that there are many pages of nautical lingo which landmen cannot understand; but we can always judge by the result what the phraseology means, whether it indicates a crisis of danger, the coming to anchor, the sailing, or whatever else it may be that the author relates. In the more intelligible, and, also, the more interesting parts, the narrative is at once clear and curious. It affords the most minute and complete view of the life of a common sailor that we ever saw; and whilst it displays all its peculiarities and hardships in a way to excite a strong personal feeling, it offers many judicious and practical reflections gathered from an acute observation of the class with which the writer mixed and acted. He left the United States in a small vessel, commanded by a brutal captain; and returned in a larger ship, the captain of which does not seem to have been any thing of an A.B.

Having thus noticed the outline of the work, we shall now advert to some of its incidents and remarks, and if they strike our readers as much as they have done us, we shall not regret the space we allow them to occupy in our pages. The first event of any moment is the loss of a shipmate overboard, upon which the following will afford a fair notion of the talent exhibited throughout :—

"Death is at all times solemn, but never so much so as at sea. A man dies on shore; his body remains with his friends, and 'the mourners go about the streets;' but when a man falls overboard at sea and is lost, there is a suddenness in the event, and a difficulty in realising it, which give to it an air of awful mystery. A man dies on shore—you follow his body to the grave, and a stone marks the spot. You are often prepared for the event. There is always something which helps you to realise it when it happens, and to recall it when it has passed. A man is shot down by your side in battle, and the mangled body remains an object, and a real evidence; but at sea, the man is near you—at your side—you hear his voice, and in an instant he is gone, and nothing but a vacancy shews his loss. Then, too, at sea—to use a homely but expressive phrase—you miss a man so much. A dozen men are shut up together in a little bark, upon the wide, wide sea, and for months and months see no forms and hear no voices but their own, and one is taken suddenly from among them, and they miss him at every turn. It is like losing a limb. There are no new faces or new scenes to fill up the gap. There is always an empty berth in the fore-castle, and one man wanting when the small night watch is mustered. There is one less to take the wheel, and one less to lay out with

you upon the yard. You miss his form, and the sound of his voice, for habit had made them almost necessary to you, and each of your senses feels the loss. All these things make such a death peculiarly solemn, and the effect of it remains upon the crew for some time. There is more kindness shewn by the officers to the crew, and by the crew to one another. There is more quietness and seriousness. The oath and the loud laugh are gone. The officers are more watchful, and the crew go more carefully aloft. The lost man is seldom mentioned, or is dismissed with a sailor's rude eulogy—"Well, poor George is gone! His cruise is up soon! He knew his work, and did his duty, and was a good shipmate." Then usually follows some allusion to another world, for sailors are almost all believers; but their notions and opinions are unfixed, and at loose ends. They say,—"God won't be hard upon the poor fellow;" and seldom get beyond the common phrase which seems to imply that their sufferings and hard treatment here will excuse them hereafter.—"To work hard, live hard, die hard, and go to hell after all, would be hard indeed!" Our cook, a simple-hearted old African, who had been through a good deal in his day, and was rather seriously inclined, always going to church twice a day when on shore, and reading his Bible on a Sunday in the galley, talked to the crew about spending their Sabbaths badly, and told them that they might go as suddenly as George had, and be as little prepared. Yet a sailor's life is at best but a mixture of a little good with much evil, and a little pleasure with much pain. The beautiful is linked with the revolting, the sublime with the commonplace, and the solemn with the ludicrous. We had hardly returned on board with our sad report, before an auction was held of the poor man's clothes. The captain had first, however, called all hands aft, and asked them if they were satisfied that every thing had been done to save the man, and if they thought there was any use in remaining there longer. The crew all said that it was in vain, for the man did not know how to swim, and was very heavily dressed. So we then filled away, and kept her off to her course. The laws regulating navigation make the captain answerable for the effects of a sailor who dies during the voyage; and it is either a law, or a universal custom established for convenience, that the captain should immediately hold an auction of his things, in which they are bid off by the sailors, and the sums which they give are deducted from their wages at the end of the voyage. In this way the trouble and risk of keeping his things through the voyage are avoided, and the clothes are usually sold for more than they would be worth on shore. Accordingly, we had no sooner got the ship before the wind, than his chest was brought up upon the fore-castle, and the sale began. The jackets and trousers in which we had seen him dressed but a few days before were exposed and bid off while the life was hardly out of his body, and his chest was taken aft and used as a store-chest, so that there was nothing left which could be called his. Sailors have an unwillingness to wear a dead man's clothes during the same voyage, and they seldom do so unless they are in absolute want. As is usual after a death, many stories were told about George. Some had heard him say that he repented never having learned to swim, and that he knew that he should meet his death by drowning. Another said that he never knew any good to come of a voyage made against the will, and the deceased man shipped and spent his advance, and was afterwards very unwilling to go, but

not being able to refund, was obliged to sail with us. A boy, too, who had become quite attached to him, said that George talked to him during most of the watch on the night before about his mother and family at home; and this was the first time that he had mentioned the subject during the voyage. The night after this event, when I went to the galley to get a light, I found the cook inclined to be talkative; so I sat down on the spars, and gave him an opportunity to hold a yarn. I was the more inclined to do so, as I found that he was full of the superstitions once more common among seamen, and which the recent death had waked up in his mind. He talked about George's having spoken of his friends, and said he believed few men died without having a warning of it, which he supported by a great many stories of dreams, and the unusual behaviour of men before death. From this he went on to other superstitions, the Flying Dutchman, &c., and talked rather mysteriously, having something evidently on his mind. At length he put his head out of the galley, and looked carefully about, to see if any one was within hearing, and being satisfied on that point, asked me in a low tone, "I say! you know what countryman 'e carpenter be?" "Yes," said I; "he's a German." "What kind of a German?" said the cook. "He belongs to Bremen," said I. "Are you sure o' dat?" said he. I satisfied him on that point by saying that he could speak no language but the German and English. "I'm plaguy glad o' dat," said the cook. "I was mighty 'raid he was a Fin. I tell you what, I been plaguy civil to that man all the voyage." I asked him the reason of this, and found that he was fully possessed with the notion that Fins are wizards, and especially have power over winds and storms. I tried to reason with him about it, but he had the best of all arguments, that from experience, at hand, and was not to be moved. He had been in a vessel at the Sandwich Islands, in which the sailmaker was a Fin, and could do any thing he was of a mind to. This sailmaker kept a junk-bottle in his berth, which was always just half full of rum, though he got drunk upon it nearly every day. He had seen him sit for hours together, talking to the bottle, which he stood up before him on the table. The same man cut his throat in his berth, and every body said he was possessed. He had heard of ships, too, beating up the gulf of Finland against a head wind, and having a ship leave in sight astern, overhaul and pass them, with as fair a wind as could blow, and all studding-sails out, and find she was from Finland. "Oh ho!" said he; "I've seen too much of them men to want to see 'em 'board a ship. If they can't have their own way, they'll play the d—l with you." As I still doubted, he said he would leave it to John, who was the oldest seaman aboard, and would know, if any body did. John, to be sure, was the oldest, and, at the same time, the most ignorant man in the ship; but I consented to have him called. The cook stated the matter to him, and John, as I anticipated, sided with the cook, and said that he himself had been in a ship where they had a head wind for a fortnight, and the captain found out at last that one of the men, whom he had had some hard words with a short time before, was a Fin, and immediately told him if he didn't stop the head wind he would shut him down in the fore peak. The Fin would not give in, and the captain shut him down in the fore peak, and would not give him any thing to eat. The Fin held out for a day and a half, when he could not stand

it any longer, and did something or other which brought the wind round again, and they let him up. "There," said the cook, "what do you think o' dat?" I told him I had no doubt it was true, and that it would have been odd if the wind had not changed in fifteen days, Fin or no Fin. "Oh," says he, "go 'way! You think, 'cause you been to college, you know better than any body. You know better than them as 'as seen it with their own eyes. You wait till you've been to sea as long as I have, and you'll know."

We have mentioned that the captain was a brutal fellow, and a few traits of his character will fully illustrate his ruffianism. On one occasion, the crew went aft with a complaint about some bread affair, and we are told of him:—

"He was walking the weather side of the quarter-deck, and seeing us coming aft, stopped short in his walk, and with a voice and look intended to annihilate us, called out, 'Well, what the d—l do you want now?' Whereupon we stated our grievances as respectfully as we could, but he broke in upon us, saying that we were getting fat and lazy, didn't have enough to do, and that made us find fault. This provoked us, and we began to give word for word. This would never answer. He clenched his fist, stamped and swore, and sent us all forward, saying, with oaths enough interspersed to send the words home,—"Away with you! go forward every one of you! I'll haze you! I'll work you up! You don't have enough to do! If you a'n't careful I'll make a hell of the ship! . . . You've mistaken your men! I'm F— T—, all the way from 'down east.' I've been through the mill, ground and bolted, and came out a regular-built down-east johnny-cake, good when its hot, but when it's cold sour and indigestible—and you'll find me so!" The latter part of this harangue I remember well, for it made a strong impression, and the 'down-east johnny-cake' became a by-word for the rest of the voyage. So much for our petition for the redress of grievances."

It is observed:—

"Jack is a slave aboard ship; but still he has many opportunities of thwarting and balking his master. When there is danger, or necessity, or when he is well used, no one can work faster than he; but the instant he feels that he is kept at work for nothing, no sloth could make less headway. He must not refuse his duty, or be in any way disobedient, but all the work that an officer gets out of him, he may be welcome to. Every man who has been three months at sea knows how to 'work Tom Cox's traverse'—'three turns round the long-bout, and a pull at the settled-butt.'"

Some time after, a more serious affray took place, and two of the men were flogged under very aggravated circumstances. They are thus related:—

"For several days the captain seemed very much out of humour. Nothing went right or fast enough for him. He quarrelled with the cook, and threatened to flog him for throwing wood on deck; and had a dispute with the mate about receiving a Spanish burton; the mate saying that he was right, and had been taught how to do it by a man who was a sailor! This the captain took in dudgeon, and they were at sword's points at once. But his displeasure was chiefly turned against a large, heavy-moulded fellow from the Middle States, who was called Sam. This man hesitated in his speech, and was rather slow in his motions, but was a pretty good sailor, and always seemed

to do his best; but the captain took a dislike to him, thought he was surly and lazy; and 'if you once give a dog a bad name,' as the sailor-phrase is, 'he may as well jump overboard.' The captain found fault with every thing this man did, and hazed him for dropping a marlinspike from the main-yard, where he was at work. This, of course, was an accident, but it was set down against him. The captain was on board all day Friday, and every thing went on hard and disagreeably. 'The more you drive a man, the less he will do,' was as true with us as with any other people. We worked late Friday night, and were turned to early Saturday morning. About ten o'clock the captain ordered our new officer, Russell, who by this time had become thoroughly disliked by all the crew, to get the gig ready to take him ashore. John, the Swede, was sitting in the boat alongside, and Russell and myself were standing by the main hatchway, waiting for the captain, who was down in the hold, where the crew were at work, when we heard his voice raised in violent dispute with somebody, whether it was with the mate, or one of the crew, I could not tell; and then came blows and scuffling. I ran to the side and beckoned to John, who came up, and we leaned down the hatchway; and though we could see no one, yet we knew that the captain had the advantage, for his voice was loud and clear,—"You see your condition! You see your condition! Will you ever give me any more of your jaw?" No answer; and then came wrestling and heaving, as though the man was trying to turn him. "You may as well keep still, for I have got you," said the captain. Then came the question, "Will you ever give me any more of your jaw?" "I never gave you any, sir," said Sam; for it was his voice that we heard, though low and half choked. "That's not what I ask you. Will you ever be impudent to me again?" "I never have been, sir," said Sam. "Answer my question, or I'll make a spread eagle of you! I'll flog you, by G—d!" "I'm no negro slave," said Sam. "Then I'll make you one," said the captain; and he came to the hatchway, and sprang on deck, threw off his coat, and rolling up his sleeves, called out to the mate—"Seize that man up, Mr. A—! Seize him up! Make a spread eagle of him! I'll teach you all who is master aboard!" The crew and officers followed the captain up the hatchway, and after repeated orders the mate laid hold of Sam, who made no resistance, and carried him to the gangway. "What are you going to flog that man for, sir?" said John, the Swede, to the captain. Upon hearing this, the captain turned upon him, but knowing him to be quick and resolute, he ordered the steward to bring the irons, and, calling upon Russell to help him, went up to John. "Let me alone," said John. "I'm willing to be put in irons. You need not use any force," and putting out his hands, the captain slipped the irons on, and sent him aft to the quarter-deck. Sam by this time was seized up, as it is called; that is, placed against the shrouds, with his wrists made fast to the shrouds, his jacket off, and his back exposed. The captain stood on the break of the deck, a few feet from him, and a little raised, so as to have a good swing at him, and held in his hand the light of a thick, strong rope. The officers stood round, and the crew grouped together in the waist. All these preparations made me feel sick, and almost faint, angry and excited as I was. A man—a human being, made in God's likeness—fastened up and flogged like a beast!

A man, too, whom I had lived with and eaten with for months, and knew almost as well as a brother! The first and almost uncontrollable impulse was resistance. But what was to be done? The time for it had gone by. The two best men were fast, and there were only two beside myself, and a small boy of ten or twelve years of age. And then there were (beside the captain) three officers, steward, agent, and clerk. But, beside the numbers, what is there for sailors to do? If they resist, it is mutiny; and if they succeed, and take the vessel, it is piracy. If they ever yield again, their punishment must come; and if they do not yield, they are pirates for life. If a sailor resist his commander, he resists the law, and piracy or submission are his only alternatives. Bad as it was, it must be borne: it is what a sailor ships for. Swinging the rope over his head, and bending his body so as to give it full force, the captain brought it down upon the poor fellow's back. Once—twice—six times. "Will you ever give me any more of your jaw?" The man writhed with pain, but said not a word. Three times more. This was too much, and he muttered something which I could not hear. This brought as many more as the man could stand; when the captain ordered him to be cut down, and to go forward. "Now for you!" said the captain, making to John, and taking his irons off. As soon as he was loose, he ran forward to the fore-castle. "Bring that man aft!" shouted the captain. The second mate, who had been a shipmate of John's, stood still in the waist, and the mate walked slowly forward; but our third officer, anxious to shew his zeal, sprang forward over the windlass, and laid hold of John; but he soon threw him from him. At this moment I would have given worlds for the power to help the poor fellow; but it was all in vain. The captain stood on the quarter-deck, bare-headed, his eyes flashing with rage, and his face as red as blood, swinging the rope, and calling out to his officers, "Drag him aft! Lay hold of him! I'll sweeten him!" &c. &c. The mate now went forward and told John quietly to go aft; and he, seeing resistance in vain, threw the blackguard third mate from him; said he would go aft of himself; that they should not drag him; and went up to the gangway and held out his hands; but as soon as the captain began to make him fast, the indignity was too much, and he began to resist; but the mate and Russell holding him, he was soon seized up. When he was made fast, he turned to the captain, who stood turning up his sleeves and getting ready for the blow, and asked him what he was to be flogged for. "Have I ever refused my duty, sir? Have you ever known me to hang back, or to be insolent, or not to know my work?" "No," said the captain; "it is not that that I flog you for; I flog you for your interference—for asking questions." "Can't a man ask a question here without being flogged?" "No," shouted the captain; "nobody shall open his mouth aboard this vessel, but myself!" and began laying the blows upon his back, swinging half round between each blow to give it full effect. As he went on, his passion increased, and he danced about the deck, calling out as he swung the rope,—"If you want to know what I flog you for, I'll tell you. It's because I like to do it!—because I like to do it! It suits me! That's what I do it for!" The man writhed under the pain, until he could endure it no longer, when he called out, with an exclamation more common among foreigners than with us, "Oh, Jesus Christ! oh, Jesus Christ!" "Don't call on Jesus Christ," shouted the captain; "he

can't help you. Call on Captain T— He's the man! He can help you! Jesus Christ can't help you now!" At these words, which I never shall forget, my blood ran cold. I could look on no longer. Disgusted, sick, and horror-struck, I turned away and leaned over the rail, and looked down into the water. A few rapid thoughts of my own situation, and of the prospect of future revenge, crossed my mind; but the falling of the blows and the cries of the man called me back at once. At length they ceased, and, turning round, I found that the mate, at a signal from the captain, had cut him down. Almost doubled up with pain, the man walked slowly forward, and went down into the fore-castle. Every one else stood still at his post, while the captain, swelling with rage and with the importance of his achievement, walked the quarter-deck, and at each turn, as he came forward, calling out to us, "You see your condition! You see where I've got you all, and you know what to expect!—You've been mistaken in me; you didn't know what I was! Now you know what I am!—I'll make you toe the mark, every soul of you, or I'll flog you all, fore and aft, from the boy, up!—You've got a driver over you! Yes, a slave-driver—a negro-driver! I'll see who'll tell me he isn't a negro-slave!" With this and the like matter, equally calculated to quiet us, and to allay any apprehensions of future trouble, he entertained us for about ten minutes, when he went below. Soon after John came aft, with his bare back covered with stripes and wales in every direction, and dreadfully swollen, and asked the steward to ask the captain to let him have some salve, or balsam, to put upon it. "No," said the captain, who heard him from below; "tell him to put his shirt on; that's the best thing for him; and pull me ashore in the boat. Nobody is going to lay up on board this vessel." He then called to Mr. Russell to take those two men and two others in the boat, and pull him ashore. I went for one. The two men could hardly bend their backs, and the captain called to them to "give way," "give way!" but finding they did their best, he let them alone. The agent was in the stern-sheets, but during the whole pull, a league or more, not a word was spoken. We landed; the captain, agent, and officer, went up to the house, and left us with the boat. I, and the man with me, staid near the boat, while John and Sam walked slowly away, and sat down on the rocks. They talked some time together, but at length separated, each sitting alone. I had some fears of John. He was a foreigner, and violently tempered, and under suffering; and he had his knife with him; and the captain was to come down alone to the boat. But nothing happened; and we went quietly on board. The captain was probably armed, and if either of them had lifted a hand against him, they would have had nothing before them but flight, and starvation in the woods of California, or capture by the soldiers and Indian blood-hounds, whom the offer of twenty dollars would have set upon them."

[To be continued.]

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

AUSTRALIA.

[The following correspondence from a very intelligent gentleman in New South Wales to a scientific friend in London gives so much new and interesting information relative to that quarter of the world (so rapidly rising into importance, and so intimately connected with the great subject of British emigration), that we have great pleasure in laying it before the public.—*Ed. L. G.*]

Panmatta, New South Wales,
14th August, 1840.

My dear Sir,—As I have written to Professor

Sedgwick a few particulars respecting the geology of this part of the colony, and have stated my general views of the age of its coal beds, I will refer you to that letter, should you feel any interest in the subject, and proceed at once to another.

You are aware that there is, in this part of the world, a foreign traveller who styles himself Count Streleski; he is a well-informed, intelligent, and active person, and a most gentlemanly, pleasant companion. His residence here, with funds at his command apparently unlimited in extent, is as great a mystery, if he be really a Polish emigrant, as he calls himself, as it was to the Americans with whom he lived, and amongst whom he journeyed, before he came hither. He may be a Pole; but I believe there is no title of Count attached to that surname in Poland; or he may be a Russian or Gallician; at any rate he was known to Captain King as Count Streleski in America; and at the dinner given in Sydney by the officers of the United States Exploring Expedition to their British friends, I heard him most affecting (or affectingly), in a brilliant speech, discourse of the hardships of his condition. He manages, however, here to go whither he wishes, and see what he likes. Thus far by way of introduction.

I enclose you an extract from the "Port Phillip Herald," published in the "Sydney Gazette." From it you would hardly expect such a narrative as I now give you:—

"*The Progress of Discovery.*—We have sincere gratification in announcing the arrival, in Melbourne, of Count Streleski, the enterprising pedestrian naturalist, and his friends and companions of voyage, Messrs. Macarthur and Riley, from an exploratory tour through the *terra incognita* on the south-east coast of New South Wales; in the course of which they have made several highly important discoveries, and have undergone excessive privations. Some interesting particulars of the journey, gleaned in conversation with the travellers, we hasten to lay before our readers, and we hope to be able very shortly to publish a more detailed account of the important discoveries they have made. The present tour was undertaken by Count Streleski, in continuation of those geognostic and mineralogical researches which had previously carried him over 2000 miles, within the limits of the colony, and now induced him to start from the Murrumbidgee, to explore the unknown, and by white men untrodden, territory lying between the Hume and the south-eastern coast of New South Wales. At Ellerslie, a station belonging to H. H. Macarthur, Esq. M.C., the Count was joined by Mr. James Macarthur and Mr. Riley, both of whom were eager to share with the Count in the toils and gratifications of such an undertaking. The party seems to have started well provided with provisions and pack-horses, and all well mounted excepting the Count, who, having with him a considerable number of valuable instruments necessary for the prosecution of his observations, which, on account of their delicate construction, required the greatest care of carriage, preferred pursuing his journey on foot with his budget on his back. From Ellerslie the party descended into the beautiful valley of the Hume, or Murray, and followed its picturesque windings for about fifty miles. Here the travellers encamped; the Count and Mr. Macarthur ascended the Australian Alps; and, on the 12th of February, about noon, they found themselves sitting on the most elevated peak of Australia, at the height of 7800 feet above the level of the sea, beyond the reach of

vegetation, surrounded by perpetual snows, with a serene and lucid sky above them, and below, an unbroken view over an extent of about 4000 square miles. On the summit of the Alps, Count Streleski secured many valuable meteorological and magnetic observations; the trigonometrical survey, which the Count had begun and carried on from the Murrumbidgee, received new supports from this predominant point; valuable materials for future publication were also obtained in aid of the Count's barometrical survey, and his geognostic and mineralogical investigations. From the Snowy Range, retracing their steps for about thirty miles to the westward, the party struck for the south, through a broken and uninhabited country, opening as it were by their first track, perhaps a future communication with the Murray. Arrived at Omeo, the country afforded new and ample harvest of observation and gratification, from its peculiar geognostic character, and connecting links of the survey. In three days' journey from Omeo, in a south-east direction, the party crossed the dividing range, and in four days more found themselves in a *new and splendid country*, clothed with the richest pasture, and intersected with numerous rivers—an immense inland lake and its ramified lagoons; in fact, opening up in every direction fresh fields for the operations of the settler, such as no other part of the colony, which had come under the notice of the travellers, presented. The country, from latitude $37^{\circ} 10'$ south, assumed the most cheering and gratifying aspect, but the rivers which beset the country from north-west to south-east greatly retarded the progress of the travellers, whose provisions now began to fail. On the 6th of April, it was determined to place all hands on half rations (a biscuit and a slice of bacon per day), but new difficulties and new delays soon rendered it evident that, even with this precautionary measure, it would be impossible to make the stock of provisions last out the journey. The greatest impediment the travellers had to contend with was the exhausted state of their horses; each day saw one or other of the party dismounted, to follow the Count on foot; but this, far from removing, only increased the impediments to their progress, for the men, unaccustomed to walk, like the horses, began to feel the effects of the wear and tear of the journey. In this situation, it became necessary for the travellers to relinquish (which they did with regret) their original intention of prosecuting their researches as far as Wilson's Promontory; and thence, commencing the exploration of the sea-coast, its inlets and outlets, and to take, instead, the straight course for Western Port, the nearest point whence fresh supplies could be obtained. The open forests, plains, and valleys, through which the party, if well supplied with provisions, might have travelled at leisure, had now to be exchanged for a rocky and mountainous path, through which a passage could not be effected without infinite difficulty. The horses, now completely exhausted, served more to retard than to accelerate the progress of the travellers, and they were finally obliged to abandon them in a valley of tolerable pasture and well watered, about seventy-five miles beyond Western Port; here also they were forced to leave the packs with the men's wearing apparel, and the Count's mineralogical and botanical collection, taking with them only their blankets and the residue of their bread, which, notwithstanding the allowance had been greatly strited, did not last longer than four days from this time. From

this place, the Count and his companions took, and at all hazards maintained, a direct course to Western Port, in the hope of bringing their sufferings to a close as speedily as possible; but, unfortunately, this course led them for days together through a dense scrub, which it was almost impossible to penetrate. The party was now in a most deplorable condition. Messrs. Macarthur and Riley and their attendants had become so exhausted as to be unable to cope with the difficulties which beset their progress. The Count being more inured to the fatigue and privations attendant upon a pedestrian journey through the wilds of our inhospitable interior, alone retained possession of his strength; and, although burdened with a load of instruments and papers of forty-five pounds weight, continued to pioneer his exhausted companions day after day through an almost impervious ten-tree scrub, closely interwoven with climbing grasses, vines, willows, fern, and reeds. Here the Count was to be seen breaking a passage with his hands and knees through the centre of the scrub,—there throwing himself at full length among the dense underwood, and thus opening by the weight of his body a pathway for his companions in distress. Thus the party, inch by inch, forced their way, the incessant rains preventing them from taking rest by night or day. Their provisions, during the last eighteen days of their journey, consisted only of a very scanty supply of the flesh of the native bear or monkey, but for which, the only game the country afforded, the travellers must have perished from utter starvation. This food, which the travellers describe as somewhat of the toughest, was but scantily obtained, and the nutriment it afforded was altogether insufficient for the maintenance of the health and strength necessary for undergoing such fatigue. On the twenty-second day after they had abandoned their horses, the travellers came in sight of Western Port, and the sensations which were created by the first view of the water on which a small vessel was riding at anchor, and the blue smoke curling among the trees, may be more easily imagined than described. It was upon Mr. Berry's tent the party had stumbled, and to his hospitality and kind attention to their wants they owe their recovery to health and vigour. Messrs. Macarthur and Riley acknowledge themselves to be under great obligations to Count Streleski, to whom, under Divine Providence, they attribute their safety. Although furnished with sextant and artificial horizon, the state of the weather was such, that during the last twenty-two days, notwithstanding the utmost exertion of the travellers, the latitude and azimuth could only twice be ascertained; but such attention was paid to the variations of the compass, and laying down the course upon the chart, that the latest observation did not differ from the meridian of Western Port more than two miles. In the course of a few days the public may expect a more circumstantial narration of the journey, and an opportunity will be afforded for the inspection of the chart of the new and valuable country, which the Count, in honour of his excellency the governor, has designated Gipps' Land. We have much pleasure in stating, that in the opinion of Count Streleski there exists no impediment to the immediate occupation of Gipps' Land, by the enterprising settlers of Port Phillip, and that it is much more easy of access from Melbourne than from Maneroo, or the Omeo country. The brilliant prospects which the discovery of so splendid a country in the (hitherto considered barren) region lying be-

tween Australia Felix and the outer coast stations of New South Wales opens up to this province must be obvious to all, and we trust Count Strelieski and his gallant companions will not be allowed to leave Melbourne without some public testimonial of the approbation of the colonists."—*Port Phillip Herald*.

No sooner was the announcement which is contained in that extract made public, than a sensation was created in the minds of our Australian graziers which may be clearly understood from the nature of their employment. They foresaw a new prospect of abundance in a rich pasture district, and I have no doubt many began to dream of occupying it first, for the graziers of New South Wales are the cleverest men in the world at pushing their way into every fresh corner as it is disclosed. It has, however, so happened, that the ground has been already occupied; and had it not been occupied, the celebrated discovery made by the Count would not have been so pompously blazoned forth. No one would deny to him the merit which is his due; and being myself bit with the *cacoethes vagandi*, I have it not in my heart to throw a stone at a brother geologist, but it is right to set the question of this discovery at rest.

To be brief then, many months before the Count "found himself sitting," on 12th February, "on the most elevated peak of Australia," the "new and splendid country" which lay to south-east had been visited, and it was by the guidance and help of the original explorers that the Count found his way into it.

It appears that Mr. McMillan, the agent of L. McAlister, Esq. of Clifton, had actually established a station at Bowman's River, one of the feeders of Lake Victoria. To this station the Count had found his way, and there heard of the discovery. From that station he was accompanied by one of Mr. McMillan's party to the top of the coast range, where he followed Mr. McMillan's track, attended by a black fellow; and thus pursuing a course previously pointed out, the Count prosecuted his journey till he got entangled with the country near the high ranges.

It was no doubt the object of Mr. McAlister to keep this discovery secret as long as possible, as he would naturally wish to profit by the benefit afforded in this new country to his own cattle, of which I am told 1500 head were grazing there when the Count made the subject known, and 1500 more were on the march to join them. McAlister naturally feels annoyed at the double circumstance of losing the private enjoyment of his new district, and without the credit due to his discovery. I must say it is a pity the Count did not tell all he knew about the matter; because he must have furnished the statement published in the *Port Phillip* paper. Nevertheless, geography has gained an accession, and whether first explored by McMillan or Strelieski, another patch of this great Australian world is reclaimed from the clouds that hung over and concealed its history.

McMillan, as I understand from Mr. McAlister, had already styled the district, called by the Count *Gipps' Land*, CALEDONIA AUSTRALIS; the lake he named LAKE VICTORIA, styled *Lake King* by the Count. The plains he denominated McArthur's Plains, in respect to the memory of Mr. McArthur, of Camden, the relation of one of the Count's companions; the river mentioned as flowing into the lake McMillan, called McAlister's River out of compliment to his employer. These names appear very good, though I, for one, think senseless to give English names to places

already known by peculiar and appropriate terms to the aborigines, whose nomenclature is often very euphonious. I am told that Lake Victoria was called Lake King, by the Count, in honour of your excellent friend, Captain King, whose name most undoubtedly deserves pre-eminent respect, and to be remembered as long as Australia lasts; but, in this case, the genuine homage of the sailor for a lady will, I dare say, convince him of the propriety of the remark, "arma cedant tunc," and reconcile him to the necessity of letting the queen precede a king. In order to put you in possession of the whole of the facts, I also enclose a copy of a letter published lately in a Sydney paper, and Mr. McAlister tells me it is correct:—

"Extract from a letter from Mr. McMillan, dated Currawang, February 18, 1840:—Being well aware that you are anxious to know my position and distance from Corner Inlet, I am now happy that I can give you some information on that head. On the 11th January, 1840, I started from our present station, accompanied by Mr. Matthew, Mr. Cameron, one stockman, and a black fellow, having stopped a day on the mountains. On the 13th, got over the Coast Range, which is very barren and scrubby. Tuesday, the 14th, travelling near the river on which is our station (distance about thirty miles), the river here is large, with extensive flats on both sides, backed by beautiful open forest. Wednesday, the 15th, still near the river, and the country improving; at 4 p.m. came to a very large fresh-water lake, where the river empties itself. The country is quite flat, a thick sward of good grass, and the soil appears very fertile; the water in the lake is a little brackish, but fit for use. Thursday, 16th, changed our course from south south-west, and sometimes west, to head the creeks from the lake. After travelling for three hours, came to a large river, which I named Nicholson River, and which must flow into the same lake; it is about thirty yards broad in some places, twelve feet deep, and quite still; the country on both sides is delightful; crossing it being out of the question where the land is low, for the banks are swampy. Made for the ranges, which were about eight miles from us; got into a very rugged and hilly country, but forded the river late in the evening, being then sixteen miles from the lake. January 17. Course, south-south-west, to head the lake, and get to the beach range, which comes to the edge of the water. At 10 o'clock a.m. came upon another river (the Mitchell) much larger than the last, which is surrounded by the most delightful country I ever beheld, well adapted for cattle, sheep, or cultivation. 19th. Crossed the river with very great difficulty near the ranges. Travelled all day over a beautiful she-oak forest, well watered with a chain of ponds. 20th. Came to the bank of a very large lake, which I think is a continuation of the one we were at before; if it is, it must be a tremendous sheet of water, at least sixty miles long, and from twelve to fifteen miles broad; on the edges are very extensive flats free of timber, and backed by forest of great extent. 21st. Passed over some barren country this day, in consequence of having to keep too near the ranges to head some creeks or extensive morasses on the banks of a very large river, which was the third one that retarded our progress, I named the Avon. 22d. Crossed this large river, which empties itself into the lake, which we named Lake Victoria. Country still improving, if it is possible to do so. 4 p.m. Came to a very extensive plain from four to five

miles broad, where we crossed, and extends to the morass on the back of the beach range, distance eight miles to the north: it is as far as I could see. This delightful tract of country we took the liberty of naming McArthur's Plains, in honour of the memory of the late John McArthur, Esquire, of Camden. The large river that surrounds it on the west side I named McAlister's river. This beautiful river is the largest we met with, runs very rapid, about thirty yards broad, and twelve feet deep. January 23d. Followed the McAlister river for a few miles, course south-west; at 10 o'clock a.m. came to a very large morass, at the back of the beach range, the morass seems to extend all the way from the west end of Lake Victoria; in some places it is more than a mile broad. After making several attempts to cross it without succeeding, we were obliged to abandon the idea of getting farther; as for crossing the river where it changed its course from S.W. to S.S.E., it was quite out of the question; we might have succeeded in a canoe, but our black fellow could not get a tree to strip. As the last resource I proposed to go up the river in hopes it might be found fordable, after leaving the low country, which seemed to extend to the bottom of the Snowy Mountains. The proposition could not be executed, as our provisions were reduced to ten pounds of flour, one small damper, and a little tea, our allowance when we left home being only for fourteen days, and being then twelve days away, it was full time to think of returning; this was very galling, when one day more would bring us to the point desired: to give you an idea of where we put back, where the Australian Alps terminate at Wilson's Promontory, was not more than twenty-five miles from us, bearing S.S.W.; to the north the Alps were completely surrounding us, distance thirty miles, so that I am almost sure Corner Inlet could not be more than twelve or fifteen miles from us; and now I am led to think those two inlets you mention must have a communication with Lake Victoria, and the back range, which extends to the above-mentioned lake, answers the same description as given in the maps. This discovery we named Caledonia Australis, which would require a more able pen than mine to describe; but from the short and hurried account I have given, you will be able to judge what it is. I may here say, that it is naturally fenced in such a way that cattle will not attempt to get out of it; it is bounded on the north and west by the Australian Alps and coast range, on the south by the main ocean, and on the east partly by Lake Victoria; but the good country extends farther east than this lake, and divided by large rivers, some of which are navigable for large boats up to the ranges. We arrived at home on the 29th January, having performed the journey back in five days. The blacks are very numerous down at the coast, and always ran away and burnt their camps whenever they saw us, sometimes leaving every thing they had behind; the day before we returned found one of their net-bags with a carpenter's auger in it, which they must have got from some vessel; we met one old fellow who could neither run nor hide himself, but our black guide could not understand him."

The whole of the eastern side of this colony is now made out, and all that requires to be done is to have it well mapped. This, I fear, will take many years to accomplish. Surely it would be an act becoming the government at home to order a regular survey of the colony? Maps are much wanted; but there are none

to be had, which are worth any thing, save Sir T. Mitchell's, and that is too small for a geologist. I have applied in vain, several times, for maps at the lawyer's office in Sydney, but there is a jealousy about giving them, and I am compelled to grope on as I can. It must be remembered that we cannot travel about as you can at home, where every spot is known and can be got at. Here, where the earth is clad in her old garments of wood and moss, and the rocks are obscured, it is, indeed, hard labour to poke out all the truth. But it would be comparatively easy if we had good maps. I wish Professor Phillips's recommendation were followed, and a geological report called for of Australia. If an exploration of that sort were set on foot, I would be glad to join the party; for I am very anxious to know how this part of the world was made. Mr. William Macleay is about to send you a drawing of the only fossil fish yet found here, a *Lepidosteus*, nearly allied to the *Catenean* of Cuba. This fact, and some others, shews us that the fossil is a freshwater formation; if I am wrong about its real age, as stated in Professor Sedgwick's letter, it must be even younger than the oolite era. It may belong to the wealden; but if it does, it is still within the great estuary period. Boss's Strait is strewn with wrecks. The spring is now come again, and delightful weather. The mean of the thermometer through the winter has been 54°. I am in love with the climate.

ASSAM TEA.

AMONG far-distant favours with which we are greeted, so pleasantly reminding us of far-away friends and fellow-labourers in the field of literature and science, we have this week to acknowledge the reception, from India, of the trimensal "Calcutta Journal of Natural History." Nos. I. and II., edited by Mr. John McClelland, of the Bengal Medical Service. It seems to promise much advantage to the zoology, botany, and geology of the East, and strongly advocates the formation of an Indian Association for the advancement of natural science. The papers are well selected, where not original, and those that are so furnish much interesting information. But the one which strikes us as being most important to English readers at home is a review of "The Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal," in which the following information and remarks relating to Assam tea occur:—

"We cannot (says the writer, who had himself traversed Assam on an official mission) conclude our notice of the January number of 'The Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal,' without regretting to see so much of its valuable pages occupied with a 'Report on the Manufacture of Tea, and the Extent and Produce of Tea Plantations in Assam,' by C. A. Bruce, Superintendent of Tea Culture, presented to the Committee appointed by Government, consisting of James Pattle, Esq., T. W. Grant, Esq., C. K. Robison, Esq., Dr. Nathaniel Wallich, Rajah Rada Kanth Deb, and Baboo Ram Comul Sen;" because we think the report is calculated to mislead the public and occasion disappointment, instead of being likely to clear up any of those difficulties that are as yet to be overcome before the Assam Tea Company can expect to reap any return for the outlay of capital. Mr. Bruce states that he submits his report with diffidence, having had something more than tea to occupy his mind; nevertheless his knowledge of tea localities is much extended since he last wrote, embracing no less than 120 different tracts, some of them

very extensive, both on the hills and in the plains. Mr. Bruce does not state that this number includes the patches of wild-tea plants found by Mr. Griffith at Cujoodoo, Hookum, and other places, and those found by Captain Hannay at Jeypore, and we believe by Colonel White, Mr. Bigge, and Captain Jenkins, at Namroop, Jeypore, Boorthath, &c., or the nurseries cultivated at Suddiyah, by Captain Charlton, as early as 1834. 'We shall merely endeavour to examine what information the report before us conveys regarding the existence of 120 tea-tracts alluded to above. Mr. Bruce, in crossing a hill 300 feet high at Jeypore, found a tea-tract, which must be three miles in length, as he could not see the end of it; and at the foot of this hill he saw another tract, which he had not time to explore. He next found tea on Cheriedoo, a small hill close to the Dacca River; and again, after crossing the river, at a place called Hanthoweah, near the old fort of Ghergong. Neither of these four places Mr. Bruce had time to examine, with a view to the collection of any further personal information than that which we have above stated. Again, Mr. Bruce found tea to the south-west of Gabrew; and thus the 120 localities are reduced to five, in which he has himself seen the tea plant growing, even supposing his experience to be such as to render his mistaking some other plant for tea unlikely, which is by no means certain, particularly as he mentions having found on the west of the Dhunserree, a different species from what we use, but still tea. With this amount of new information, Mr. Bruce proves by argument, as well as the reports of natives 'well acquainted with the leaf, having been in the habit of drinking tea,' that large tracts of the Naja mountains are covered with tea plants. On information not one whit more satisfactory than that on which Mr. B. clothed large tracts of the Naja mountains with tea plants, has he covered a large proportion of Upper Assam with them, though we have no doubt it will be found, after all, that it is confined to a few limited patches here and there, in various parts of the forests, and by no means universally diffused and abundant, as Mr. Bruce's report would lead the public to imagine. As a specimen of Mr. Bruce's way of shewing the extent of the wild tea plants, we may quote the following: 'In giving a statement of the number of tea-tracts, when I say that Tingri, or any other tract, is so long and so broad, it must be understood, that space to that extent only has been cleared, being found to contain all the plants which grew thickly together; as it was not thought worth while, at the commencement of these experiments to go to the expense of clearing any more of the forest for the sake of a few straggling plants. If these straggling plants were followed up, they would, in all probability, be found becoming more numerous, until you found yourself in another tract as thick and as numerous as the one you left; and if the straggling plants of this new tract were traced, they would by degrees disappear until not one was seen; but if you only proceeded on through the jungle, it is ten to one that you would come upon a solitary tea plant, a little farther on you would meet with another; until you gradually found yourself in another new tract, as full of plants as the one you had left, growing absolutely so thick as to impede each other's growth. Thus I am convinced one might go on for miles from one tract to another.' Most people in perusing this would suppose that Assam was covered with tea plants, and that so far from Mr. Bruce exaggerating in saying

you might go on for miles, the reader would imagine that you might travel from one end of Assam to the other through a succession of tea-tracts. For a tract the reader must understand a patch, several patches often occur too in the same vicinity, and it is between these that straggling plants are found. Mr. Bruce, however, calls each of these patches tracts; and the common jungle, patches. Thus he says, 'All my tea-tracts about Tingri and Kahung are formed in this manner, with only a patch of jungle between them, which is not greater than what could be conveniently filled up by thinning those that have too many plants. At Kahung I have lately knocked three tracts into one, and I shall probably have to continue doing the same until one tract shall be made of what now consists of a dozen.' Mr. Bruce's substitution of the term tract for what is in reality a mere spot is most unfortunate; and yet it does not appear to have been accidental, as he observes, 'I have never yet seen the end of Juggudoo's tea-tract, nor yet Kujudoo's, or Ningrew's.' Now two at least of these localities were visited by the Assam Deputation, and their extent measured and found to be very limited, and not larger than an ordinary cottage-garden. There may be other two or three similar patches in the vicinity; but it appears to us too great a stretch of the imagination to say, that the plants of these isolated little patches 'run over the hills, and join, or nearly join,' similar little spots in distant parts of the country; and to infer, from this supposition, that the whole country is covered with tea-plants, or tea-forests, as they have been very improperly styled. It is easy to imagine how Mr. Bruce makes up the number of tea districts in Assam to 120, when every patch of jungle in which a few plants occur is considered by him a tract, however closely it may be connected with several other similar little clumps of plants in the same vicinity. Any one rising from the perusal of Mr. Bruce's report, would suppose that Assam is covered with tea-plants, requiring no other cultivation than the mere destruction of the surrounding forests. Mr. Bruce thinks fire is as beneficial to the tea-plant, as it is destructive to all others; and that the only cultivation or care that plant requires is merely to burn it down to the roots, by setting fire to the forests in which it is so common. In the first or second year after this, Mr. Bruce is of opinion that we shall have nothing more to do than commence the manufacture of tea from an unlimited stock of plants extended over 120 tracts, which those who peruse Mr. Bruce's report may consider equivalent in extent to as many districts, or even counties. Instead of finding Assam one extensive tea-garden, however, we suspect that the Tea Company will find that before they can manufacture, they must begin to plant; and that circumspection and skill will be required in the selection of the most suitable lands. We have so poor an opinion of the extent of the wild plant, that we think it would hardly do more than afford sufficient seed for new plantations. So far, therefore, from all things being ready in Assam for the extensive manufacture of tea for commercial purposes, as the public are led to imagine from the report of Mr. Bruce, we think that every thing is yet to be effected, and that some time and money have been spent in vain, and the public exposed to encounter some degree of disappointment in consequence of Mr. Bruce's report being allowed to go abroad, without a few remarks from the Tea Committee, to qualify what appears to us the extravagant views contained in it re-

garding the extent of the tea localities. With the Assam tea, as with other objects of popular interest, nothing is received with favour that does not flatter our expectations, however unreasonable and even absurd these may be in reality. We always find in the long run, however, that we have to pay pretty dearly for our indulgence; for while few have the moral courage to express an unpopular opinion, thousands live and flourish for a time by the dissemination of popular error, until something happens to give the question another turn. With regard to the subject before us, all we will venture to recommend is, that such flattering reports as the one we have noticed be not allowed to impress us with the idea, that the present stock of wild tea plants in Assam is of such an extent as to afford anything like a return to the Assam Company. From what we have ourselves seen of the tea plant in the Sing-Pho jungles, in the Muttack, and in Raja Parunder Sing's territory—the only three tracts in which it occurs—the whole, root and branch, if converted into tea, would not make a single consignment, such as would annually be expected from the Assam Tea Company; and, after a careful examination of Mr. Bruce's report, as it appears in the 'Edinburgh Philosophical Journal,' we regret to find that, in our opinion, the 120 tea-tracts with which Mr. Bruce has covered the map of Upper Assam are, for the most part, either imaginary, or altogether dependent on native report. Mr. Bruce's adoption of the term tract for each little patch of jungle in which a few tea plants are found assembled, is, as we have already stated, enough to lead to misconception. It is not, however, more objectionable than the term tea forests, we believed applied in the same way by Dr. Wallich. In our own report we employed the terms colony and locality; the latter term, we believe, was adopted by Mr. Griffith, who also used the term patch in preference to colony, which was objectionable, inasmuch as it implied that the plants were introduced rather than indigenous. We think, therefore, that Mr. Bruce should, according to that respect usually paid to priority in such cases, if not to avoid the appearance of exaggeration, have employed some one of the above terms in preference to tract, which it might be proper to confine to an assemblage of tea-patches, as the Muttack tract, Tingri locality, Sing-Pho tract, Ningrew locality or plantation, according as the plants may be of the wild or cultivated stock. The remainder of Mr. Bruce's report is chiefly made up of details regarding the manufacture of tea; but as these are derived entirely from the Chinamen employed, for whose word Mr. Bruce, as well as the public, can have no security, this part of the report is to be received with some limitation. The quality of the tea produced will be the best criterion of the merit of the process or manipulation employed. The proverbial neatness and delicacy of Chinese execution, we should have thought at variance with the following part of the process of making souchong, as given by Mr. Bruce:—'The man then stands up, holding on by a post, or some such thing, and works the ball of leaves under his feet, at the same time alternately pressing with all his weight, first with one foot, then with the other. The tea is taken hot from the pan, and packed firmly in boxes, both hands and feet being used to press it down,' &c. As tea-drinkers are not the least fastidious portion of the community, we would recommend Mr. Bruce to endeavour to introduce a substitute for the feet in these operations."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FRIDAY, 12th Feb. — Dr. Grant, 'On the Structure and Development of the Tegumentary Organs of Animals.'—As the delicate structure and the rapid movements of animals expose them to external injuries, they are protected by insensible epidermic coverings, and by a highly sensitive subjacent skin. We cannot but admire the tough and pliant covering of keratophytes exposed to the ceaseless motions of the sea, the solid shells of echini and mollusca residing at the bottom, the thin light coverings of insects moving through the air, the soft epidermis of batrachia, which can breathe by the skin, the scaly coverings of cold-blooded fishes and reptiles, the bad conductors of caloric enveloping the warm bodies of birds and quadrupeds in polar regions, the compact downy plumage of arctic birds, and the shaggy mantle of the polar bear slumbering in icy caves. And the varied hues of the tegumentary parts were shown to be no less admirable in their adaptations than their texture; indeed, our perceptions of the beauty and the distinctive characters of animals are chiefly derived from these external parts. After describing the vascular sensitive outer layer of the skin, the subjacent fibrous elastic layer, and the numerous blood-vessels, nerves, and absorbents, which permeate the whole texture, Dr. Grant proceeded to the numerous small sweat-glands, oil-glands, and hair-follicles, which are imbedded in the skin, and open by minute ducts on its surface. He pointed out the regular arrangement of the minute apertures on the ridges of the human skin, where more than 1000 open in a square inch; the great size of these sweat-glands in the sheep, where every fibre of the wool is provided with two oil-glands which open into the hair-follicles; and that every hair or bristle of quadrupeds is furnished with its own follicle, and its secreting pulp, or vascular papilla, which adds new matter to its base, and so projects it from the follicle. He dwelt especially, however, on the curious phenomena attending the growth and development of the extravascular insensible epidermic parts of animals, and on the identity of the structure and nature of epidermis, hairs, nails, claws, horns, hoofs, and all horny spines, scales and plates on the exterior of the body. They are merely aggregates of small, compressed, independent cells, or *cytoblasts* (from *κύτος*, *cúvitas*, and *βλαστος*, *germen*), which are poured out in successive strata from the vascular surface of the true skin. The cytoblasts are, at first, small granular nuclei, possessed of independent vitality and growth; they form investing cells on their exterior, which also have an independent growth; they undergo singular metamorphoses; and Dr. Grant shewed, by numerous diagrams, how they give origin to most of the internal tissues of the animal body, as cartilage, cellular tissue, crystalline lens, nerves, capillary vessels, &c., as well as to the external insensible coverings, as feathers, scales of reptiles, plates of tortoise-shell, horns of ruminantia, and similar hard parts. Cytoblasts are seen on the lining membrane of the heart, in veins, on the chorion, the amnion, and all mucous and serous membranes, and exhibit distinct vibratile cilia on mucous surfaces. By the rectilinear aggregation of the cytoblasts forming hairs, they are solid, have a fibrous structure, exhibit a filamentous decomposition, and are rendered stronger and more permeable to the oil of the sebaceous glands; and by this rectilinear aggregation of the cytoblasts, thrown off in

numerous strata from the secreting surface of the skin, Dr. Grant explained the filamentous decomposition, and the great strength of the horns of the rhinoceros, and similar structures. The nails are only hairs made flat by the shape of their follicles. The anterior vertical portion of hoofs are large nails, their inferior horizontal part being thickened epidermis; and all vaginiform horns are but conical nails. The epidermis is the most universal covering of organised bodies; its lower, soft, loose cytoblasts, forming the *rete mucosum*, contain living parasitic pigment cells; and, again, within these are seen numerous minute coloured embryos or parasites, in the most lively movement. The difference of colour in the pigment cells of the epidermic cytoblasts, gives rise to the varied hues of the tegumentary parts of animals; their excess produces the black colour of the negro, and their absence produces albinos. The changes of form of the pigment cells of the tadpole were compared to those of the animalcule called *proteus*. The ephemeral existence of these parasitic pigment cells or colour-cytoblasts, causes the outer strata of epidermis to be shed colourless in the negro, in serpents, and in all the most deeply-coloured animals; and the carcasses of those remarkable organised beings called epidermic cytoblasts are constantly falling from the surface of man, from birth till death, as dried, compressed, isolated, bleached, and colourless scales. The foregoing is a brief sketch of the subject, so ably treated and illustrated by Dr. Grant; a novel and most interesting one, but which a verbal description, without his beautiful plates and drawings, would fail to convey, fully and explicitly, with all its wondrous details.

ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.

A MEETING of the Society was held on Tuesday week, when Lord Morpeth and Alexander Konoiski, M.D., were elected fellows. After the ballot, a paper 'Upon the Cultivation of a Collection of Camellias,' in the possession of M. l'Abbé Berlese, was read by Mr. Sowerby. The chairman, John Disney, Esq., reported the progress made in the formation of the Society's garden in the Regent's Park, and the meeting adjourned.

PARIS LETTER.

February 16, 1841.

Academy of Sciences. Sitting of February 8.—A paper was read from M. Coriolis 'On the Enunciation of a New Theorem for Expressing the Power Exerted on Each Other by Cogged Wheels, in a System.' He shewed that in a system of axes so connected, if it be conceived that the forces and moments of inertia be separated into two groups, one for all those on the side of the point of contact, the other for all those on the opposite side, in the order of the communication of force; and then if these forces and moments of inertia be collected into two separate sums for each group; the sums of the forces would be found equal to each other when equilibrium would be maintained. In case of motion, the two sums of forces would no longer be equal, and the effective pressure would be a mean between the two unequal values. To obtain this mean the sums of the forces would be multiplied by the sums of the moments of inertia of the opposite group; in each case the products would thus be added together, and the whole would be divided by the sum of the moments of inertia. M. Coriolis shewed that by this theorem it became readily apparent, that if any sudden changes occurred in the forces capable of wearing away,

or too heavily pressing on, the teeth of the wheel, this result might be obviated by interposing between the intermittent forces and the teeth in question a system of rotation with moments of inertia, great if compared to those moments which correspond to the opposite side where the forces, which change less suddenly, are situated. An instance of this is the interposition of a fly-wheel between the hydraulic wheel and the hammer in iron-foundries. — M. Peltier communicated some observations 'On the Electricity of Clouds.' — M. Millon read a second paper 'On Oxygenous Combinations of Chlorine.'

M. Rossignon communicated the results of some experiments for ascertaining the nature of an essential oil extracted from apples attacked with a certain malady, to which he proposed to apply the name of *cellulostasis*. The cellular tissue of the fruit experienced a peculiar disaggregation, and became filled with an acid, aqueous liquid, containing a volatile principle, the odour of which had the greatest analogy with musk (the case of rotten apples). He had extracted a peculiar essential oil from the diseased parts of this and other fruits.

M. Biot laid before the Academy the third edition of his "Treatise on Astronomy." Many improvements had been made in it. For the more easy exposition of the ordinary astronomical phenomena, he had abandoned, said the learned academicians, all fictitious methods, such as had been hitherto employed; and had, on the contrary, used the primitive or natural methods of the Greek, Arab, and Chinese astronomers. He had much enlarged and amended the part relative to atmospheric refractions; and had greatly extended and almost rewritten the portion concerning astronomical instruments. (This is a very valuable book, coming fresh from the hands of so great a man.)

M. Bayard addressed a letter to the Academy, claiming priority, or simultaneity, of invention for certain improvements in photographic paper, made by Mr. Fox Talbot, for enabling photogenic images to be preserved. M. Bayard, when the result of Mr. Fox Talbot's experiments had been first announced, deposited a sealed packet in the hands of the Secretary of the Academy. The seals were now broken and the paper read. M. Bayard's method was this:—The paper was prepared with bromure of potassium, and afterwards with nitrate of silver; it was then exposed while still wet, and for several minutes, to the action of the rays in the focus of the camera obscura. When withdrawn and examined by the light of a candle, not the slightest trace of any image is perceptible; but if it be kept low for several months, and thus subjected to the action of the mercurial vapour, the whole image comes out with the greatest perfection.

M. Blainville read a paper of general consideration, 'On the Nervous System.' and M. Flourens communicated some further observations, 'On the Colouring of Bones in Living Animals with Madder.' He had arrived at the result that the increase of bones in length takes place at the extremity, at the articulation, of the bone; and that the increase of bones in diameter takes place externally by layers.

M. Villemain, Minister of Public Instruction, has been elected a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres.

M. Gustave d'Eichthal has just published a clever pamphlet on the present crisis in European affairs, entitled "De l'Unité Européenne." His object is to shew that Europe is approaching every day more and more to that

state of intimate confederation, which will make it impossible for any single power to isolate its policy entirely from the rest; and that no great war can take place without a sort of Amphictyonic decree of the principal nations of this quarter of the globe. This he applies more particularly to France on the question of the East, and remonstrates with his countrymen for their undue susceptibility shewn in so childish and unbecoming a manner upon the present occasion. While he claims from the other powers due consideration and regard for the interests of France, he strongly urges on that country the advisableness of modifying her policy, and frankly associating herself with the other members of the great, and, on the whole, happy, family of European people. But can the Ethiopian change his skin? or the leopard his spots?—and can the French unrevolutionise themselves?

A monthly magazine entitled the "Mentor," and devoted to purposes of education, has just appeared at Madrid.—A monthly review has been recently started at Oporto. The last number contains a remarkable article in the shape of a MS. journal of the expedition of King Duante to Tangiers in 1437. There is, also, a good statistical article on Macao in it.

The Royal Academy of St. Petersburg has had communicated to it a valuable notice 'On the Armenian Convent of Edgmiadzin, and on the Catalogue of its Library,' by M. Brosset, who has visited and thoroughly inspected it.—It appears, from another paper read to the Academy, that one of the convents of Mount Athos contains a library of 228 Georgian MSS., and among them the following:—"A Life of St. Albo;" "A Life of the Brothers of Cola, a place in the Valley of Micwar;" "A Life of Saints Dawith and Taridian;" "A Life of St. Warlaam, an Inhabitant of the Caucasus;" "Lives of the Fathers Joané and Ewthym;" and the "Travels of the Apostle St. Andrew."

M. Kraetzer Rassarts, of Hesse Darmstadt, has just published on a broad sheet a statistical, geographical, and genealogical table of the Germanic Confederation, with the arms of the thirty-four princely families, the free towns, &c.

Some Americans at Paris have been to M. Guizot to prevail on him to sit for his portrait to a young American painter, in order that the picture may be hung up in the library of the Congress at Washington. This is stated to be because they admire so much his introduction to the "Life and Writings of Washington." M. Guizot good-naturedly enough acceded to the request; but the Americans will not take much, we reckon, by their motion: they will have a genuine American picture it is true; but the young man they have selected to do it has, as yet, no pretensions to the name of a painter, being a mere tyro in his art.

Professor Schelling of the University of Munich has just accepted (with permission of his own sovereign) the invitation of the King of Prussia to fill the chair of Transcendental Philosophy at Berlin, with a salary of 3500 thalers.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, February 11th.—The following degrees were conferred:—
Masters of Arts.—J. R. Miller, Trinity, Grand Compounder; H. J. Bigge, University; Rev. A. Brown, Queen's; T. E. Rogers, Scholar of Corpus.
Bachelors of Arts.—Viscount Cranley; C. R. S. Murray, Grand Compounder; T. D'Oyley Walters, Christ Church; H. B. Strangways, Trinity, Grand Compounder; R. G.

Walls; F. W. Robertson, Brasenose; E. J. G. Hasluck, Pembroke; S. Holmes, Magdalen Hall.

CAMBRIDGE, February 10th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Physic.—P. Blakeston, Emmanuel College.
Bachelors in the Civil Law.—J. W. Smith, Trinity Hall; S. J. Lott, Downing College.

Masters of Arts.—G. Bryan, St. Peter's College; H. M. Scarth; R. C. Gazeley, Christ's College; G. Dover, Catherine Hall.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

The Marquess of Northampton in the chair.—Sir John Lubbock gave notice that he will, on Thursday next, move for the immediate ballot of Lord Melbourne as a fellow of the Society. No certificate in favour of the noble lord is required, in consequence of his being a privy-councillor.—A paper, 'On a Portion of some Saurian Remains found in Sussex,' was in part read. The description is dry and technical, and refers to portions of the jaw and teeth of the iguanodon.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

FEBRUARY 11. Mr. Amyot, Treasurer, in the chair.—Mr. Jardine communicated a paper 'On the Gunpowder Plot.' On a former occasion Mr. Bruce had brought forward two letters discovered by him, from Lord Mounteagle and Thomas Wyndsour, which he thought implicated Lord Mounteagle with a guilty knowledge of the plot; which opinion afterwards drew from Mr. Jardine some observations coming to a contrary conclusion, as far as regarded the evidence of those two letters. On the present occasion Mr. Jardine went more at large into the circumstances of the plot and its discovery. He acknowledged that the general belief at the time was that Lord Mounteagle was privy to the plot, and that the instructions to Sir Edward Coke, the attorney-general, were, to act lightly and cautiously with regard to him. Mr. Jardine referred to the examination of Garnett, Oldcome, and others, among the large collection of documents relative to the Gunpowder Plot, preserved in the State Paper Office, and stated his opinion that there was no positive evidence of the guilt of Lord Mounteagle. He further stated the opinion held at the time (which he considered a true one), that the government had received information of the plot from other sources than the vague, anonymous letter handed to them by Lord Mounteagle; and that the letter was, by arrangement with the government, a mere blind to conceal the real source. A portion of this interesting paper having been read, the remainder was postponed.

February 18th. Mr. Hamilton, V.P. in the chair.—The reading was concluded of Mr. Jardine's historical observations 'On the Gunpowder Plot.'—Mr. C. Roach Smith exhibited a bone skate, found about two years ago in Moorfields, considered by him of the time of Henry III.; accompanied by some observations on ancient skating, on bone, wood, &c.; and mentioned that Fitzstephen states that the citizens amused themselves in frosty weather by skating in Moorfields, and that they fastened the bones of animals to their feet, on which, by the help of spiked sticks, they moved along with great velocity. The bone, supposed to be that of a horse, was in a most remarkable state of preservation in all its parts and structure, even retaining the gelatine.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Geographical, 9 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Architectural, 8 P.M.; Botanic, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.

Thursday.—Royal, 8½ p.m.; Antiquaries, 8 p.m.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 p.m.; Amateur Artists, 8 p.m.
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ p.m.
Saturday.—Westminster Medical, 8 p.m.; Mathematical, 8 p.m.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

[Third notice.]

THE South Room exhibits a variety of subjects and a number of sweet paintings.

259. By Mrs Criddle, is a fanciful idea of representing, in four compartments, the sad fate that ever attends true love. The story is well told and ingeniously illustrates the poet.

262. *The Christian Yoke*. A sacred subject, by W. Dyce, is a very literal adaptation of Scripture; but not without merit in this high walk of art.

From 266 to 275 there are some pretty landscapes, which adorn the arched-way between the rooms, and bear the names of Havell, Hilditch, Wickstead, Hancock, Cockburn, Danby, Roddington, and Hilder.

287. *A Calm: Morning*. J. Wilson.—Is a sweet scene: and

291. *Evening*. H. Bright.—A small gem of great force and brilliancy. The two would make appropriate illustrations of Bulwer's "Night and Morning," only that the evening is bright indeed.

288. *Sketch for a Picture: Slave Market, Cairo*. W. J. Miller.—Not merely a sketch, as modestly designated, but a fine picture, and replete with merit both as regards conception and execution.

290. *Head of a Mahomedan*. W. Etty, R.A.—With the three last-mentioned numbers, and two or three others near them, makes this corner of the room quite a galaxy of beauty, which, though on a miniature scale, must delight every lover of the excellent in art. The head is nobly painted, and a perfect study of a great artist.

296. *Sketch of Nature*. Another of Mr. F. R. Lee's sweet compositions.

297. *The Young Gauthier*. P. Williams.—An extremely clever little picture, and, though simple, expressing alike in form, expression, and colour.

304. *Bay of Naples*. T. Uwins, R.A.—A graceful and natural transcript of this charming scene; worthy of the pencil of Mr. Uwins.

311. *The Night after the Battle*. Lady Burghersh.—A portrait of her relative, the Duke of Wellington, seated in a thoughtful attitude to pen one of those important despatches in which the destinies of the civilised world were recorded. Her ladyship has also, No. 377. *St. Cecilia*, the subject from the history of her martyrdom; a picture which might well pass for the work of an Italian master, and does honour to a female and amateur pencil.

312. *Scene on the Sussex Coast*. W. Shayer.—A landscape of much talent, though unequally painted. There are parts than which nothing could be better, and we only wish it were all alike.

327. *The Penitent's Return Home*. C. W. Cope.—Does not fulfil the promise of former years.

341. *Napoleon in the Prison of Nice*, in 1794. E. M. Ward.—Is treated a good deal after the manner of the French school, and is a clever picture of a remarkable event in the early life of this future prodigy. It has been bought by the Duke of Wellington!!

346. *Leaving the Ball*. J. Calcott Horsley.—Is a well-imagined scene of fashionable life. The grouping is characteristic, and displays a comic degree of humour. The handling of the

younger figures reminds us, not unfavourably, of the style of Chalon.

349. *Margaret Roper Purching her Father's Head of the Executioner*. J. Porter.—A historical subject of great pictorial interest, and managed by the painter with taste and feeling. There is nothing to revolt the mind, and yet the awful tragedy is touchingly told, and the contrast of filial piety and grief well opposed to the habitual indifference and apathy of the executioner.

350. *Statues of the Vocal Memnon, Thebes: Sunrise*. D. Roberts, R.A.—A very striking production, happily embodying in simplicity and grandeur these stupendous wonders of the desert. Short of looking upon the originals, we can conceive nothing more impressive.

351. *An Interior*. G. Lance.—Seen before, but to be noticed again for the careful perfection of the still life.

362. *Sloop off the Shears*. G. W. Butland.—A clever sea-piece, the subject well chosen, and the handling as good as the subject.

366. *Benvenuto Cellini* is hardly worthy of J. Hollins's easel.

371. *The Entry of the Black Prince into London*. J. Ramsay.—We are sorry we cannot say much for this scene from history. The attempt is more laudable than the execution.

376. *Boar Hunters, &c. of the Fifteenth Century*. J. R. Herbert.—There is considerable taste manifested in this design, which wants but little to be a still more eminent work.

382. *A Strike, or Turn Out*. W. Kidd.—A rather low business, both in subject, and position on the floor of the gallery. It is full, however, of boisterous merriment and uproar.

386. *Cupid and Calypso*. J. Wood.—Will the artist be satisfied by our saying that his performance reminds us of Etty?

391. *Scene on the Dee in North Wales*. F. C. Lewis.—A singular picture, and skillfully done.

There are only four specimens of sculpture in the Gallery:—an emblematic bust of Poetry, by W. Scouler; *A Child at the Bath*, a sweet and simple thing, by P. Park; *Sappho, a Bust*, by W. C. Marshall; and a bas-relief of flowers, by J. Thurlow.

NEW PUBLICATION.

The Proceeding of the Flitch of Bacon: somewhat Metamorphosed. By H.B. London, Maclean.

THIS *magnum opus* is numbered sketches 669 and 670, and is a most happy parody of Stothard's celebrated picture. It is, indeed, much metamorphosed; the Queen and Prince Albert representing the happy couple who claim the flitch as the reward of their uninterrupted nuptial felicity during the long honeymoon of twelve months. The four musicians who lead the band are very like Lords Duncannon, Morpeth, Brougham, and Sir F. Burdett. Lord Cottenham figures on the first horse, and the Queen and Prince on the second. Lord Palmerston and the Duke of Wellington are their pedestrian attendants, whilst behind them ride Lord Melbourne, Sir R. Peel, Lord Normanby, Lord J. Russell, the Duchess of Kent, Sir James Graham, and Lord Stanley. The whole is brought up by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the royal Dukes of Cambridge and Sussex; and peering over a wall are visible the heads of Lord Howick and Mr. Charles Wood. Never since the Flitch was established, did such harmony appear in this world of ours: would that no part of it were a fiction, and

that what is but a picture were a reality to last for years to come, embracing every character in the sportive scene! The piece is on a sheet more than double the size of the usual caricatures which have enriched this unequalled series; and well worthy of being preserved alone by those who cannot reach the whole extensive publication.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ORIGINAL STANZAS.

THERE is no mother to meet me here
And lock me in her fond embrace;
No sister's voice to greet mine ear;
This cannot be my resting-place.
There is no soothing word of love,
But strangers gazing round me come;
They heedless ask me why I rove?
No kindred voice cries—"Welcome home!"
'T were vain to tell the past and gone,
Such days of hope as fleetly flee;
They'd coldly vanish, one by one,
Without a tear of sympathy.
Oh! not on earth that genial shore,
Whose peace can soothe the aching breast,
Where broken hearts may grieve no more,
And harried spirits find their rest.

Fortlick.

LAURA.

THE DRAMA.

Dramatic Entertainments.—Monday promises to be a busy night in this way, for not only does Miss Kelly announce the opening of her theatre in Dean Street, but a fête new to the metropolis, viz. a masked ball, is advertised at Drury Lane. Entertainments of this kind have long been very popular and fashionable in Paris and some other of the Continental capitals; and it remains to be seen how they will flourish in London. They are, certainly, very gay and lively, and under judicious management, such as we would anticipate from the present lessees of this house, may be made to furnish an elegant and merry night's recreation, at once pleasing to the dancers and amusing to the spectators. The masquerade at the Opera House on Tuesday, under the same direction (Mr. Obbards), was altogether decorous, and a great improvement upon similar entertainments. From this we would augur well for the more costly *Bal* of Monday.

VARIETIES.

The Niger Expedition.—An old subscriber to the *Literary Gazette*, at Henbury near Bristol, reclaims against the paragraph we inserted respecting this expedition, in sequel to Mr. Jamieson's pamphlet; and observes, that "Mr. J. may not be quite a disinterested writer." By reference to our notice of his pamphlet in our preceding No. 1254, it will be seen that we anticipated and expressed the same opinion. There can be no doubt but that Mr. J. entertains his own views, and that they are (even unconsciously to himself) liable to be much coloured by his interest in the trade. We are also perfectly aware that Professor Daniell's reports* on the waters off the coast of Africa, controvert Mr. Jamieson's assertions of the unhealthiness of the river; but still we consider it to be the best and wisest course in such an undertaking, to hear every and under-rate no objection. The loss of friends whom we loved has taught us the severe lesson of the insalubrity of Africa; and it is well to be prepared with all precautions against the recurrence of similar tragedies. With other dear and esteemed friends about to depart on this very important mission, we do indeed join our correspondent, and every humane person, in praying that the blessing of God may attend, protect, and prosper it.

* "Nautical Magazine," Jan. 1st.

The Electrotape.—In a recent notice of this new power, we hinted at its ready applicability to forgeries of the most accurate description; and we are now informed, that the whole system of post-office arrangements is liable to be overturned by the perfect imitation of the Queen's head, heretofore thought to be a sufficient guarantee against imposition. There can be no doubt that either the old or the new may be copied exactly, and sold at a lower price. There will then be no check except in Mr. John Dickenson's admirable invention for running threads through the fabric of the paper. Can that be forged?

Chimney Sweeps.—A benevolent Cornish clergyman of the name of Hext, resident at Bath, has issued a prospectus for a society to provide Church-of-England education for the young-chimney sweeps of that city; and to facilitate the gradual absorption into other branches of honest industry of such of them as will be thrown out of their actual employ by "The Climbing Boys' Act," which comes into operation in July 1842. Though there are only some two dozen of climbing-boys in Bath for whose case Mr. Hext's subscription may provide, we cannot notice the design without having our attention directed to all the numerous body in this class scattered over the metropolis, and, generally, throughout the country. What is to become of them, unfit as they are for other occupation? Are they to starve or be driven into crime? Surely this example at Bath deserves to be well considered, and followed in other parts.

Yttria.—This very rare earth has been discovered by Dr. Apjohn of Dublin, to the amount of three per cent, in the pyrope, a mineral so long confounded with garnet, but distinguished from it by containing chrome, and exhibiting the hexahedral, not the dodecahedral, form.

Ordnance Survey of England.—Parliament has agreed to an ordnance survey of England on the scale of six inches to the mile, similar to the survey of Ireland; and it is expected that the northern counties will be completed in about four years. Such a map is a great national desideratum.

Sir D. Wilkie.—The last we have heard of our distinguished countryman is from Constantinople, where he was engaged in painting a portrait of the sultan. Few acts could more singularly mark the great alterations which are taking place in the social system. Not many years ago it was a crime in Mahomedan countries to have any portrait painted (though not strictly avoided by former sultans), and a Christian of any sort found it next to impossible to see the sovereign of Turkey. But now, the head of the Mussulman empire is sitting like a worthy English gentleman, whilst his head is taken off (upon canvass) by a decent Scotch Presbyterian, and an R.A. of the British Royal Academy. Surely bowstrings will soon be as much out of fashion in Turkey as they have become in Europe since the introduction of fire-arms.

Carboline for Steam-Engines.—A St. Petersburg journal, the "Northern Bee," states that M. Veschniakoff has discovered a new material, which he names *carboline*, for the propulsion of steamers, and of which four and a half pounds per hour produced sufficient steam to impel a vessel at a velocity one-half greater than that obtained from sea-coal.

Languages.—It was said of a certain writer, that he seemed to have been at a feast of languages and stolen the scraps; and a recent letter from Rome, descriptive of such a feast on

the 12th ult. in the College of Propaganda there, literally realises the idea. Americans, Chaldeans, Turks, Syrians, Armenians, Kurds, African Negroes, Californians, Chinese, &c., delivered addresses, recited compositions, and sung verses, in as many different tongues. Since the Tower of Babel, nothing like this scene has been witnessed in the world.

Ship Conductors.—The claims of Mr. Snow Harris for compensation from government, for his most valuable invention and application of lightning conductors to preserve vessels and their crews from destruction, were discussed in the House of Commons on Thursday; and we rejoice to say an unanimous opinion expressed that he was justly entitled to a liberal reward. Indeed, when we consider the eminent service rendered to the state and to humanity by this scientific process (of which the *Literary Gazette* has frequently spoken in terms of the highest praise), were it but to save a single ship in twenty years, we should say that Mr. Harris well deserved not only a sum of money to remunerate his expenses, but a pension for life, to make the sense entertained of the philosophical and useful devotedness of his great and practical talents, in other respects as well as in this instance to the benefit of his country.

Sir Astley Cooper.—The death of this eminent surgeon, at the age of seventy-three, has created a strong sensation in the medical and literary world, which he so long adorned by his practice and writings. And

Joseph Chitty, Esq., a gentleman also very highly distinguished in another learned profession—the law, is included in the obituary of this week, at the age of sixty-six.

Mot.—Une femme littéraire et spirituelle cherchait à prouver que les fortifications à Paris influeraient d'une manière fâcheuse sur les arts, l'esprit, &c., et disait, "*Paris fortifié ne sera que Paris bête-ifié.*" Le mot est joli; et d'ordinaire nous devrions dire je suis bête-ifié au lieu d'enbêté.

"*The Boston Notion*" of the 39th of January, is another sample of the American freak for "Mammoth sheet" newspapers, like the New York specimen we noticed a short while ago. It is about the same size, and contains an original early tale by Mr. Cooper. At home the gigantic sheet seems with us to be appropriated to theatrical and booksellers' placards; for the walls of London exhibit several of these, of which four would literally paper a small room. Boz's "Barnaby Rudge," and the "Bal Masque," Covent Garden, the Haymarket, and the Adelphi, with the "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Money," and "Satanas," in letters twenty inches long, would cover an apartment (and the ceiling too) in a highly picturesque and novel manner.

To a cheap watchmaker, on a late vindication of him by a cheap fishmonger:—

When the fishmonger praises thy silver as prime,
It is plain why he flatters thee so.
For we all know his fish will not keep any time,
And we all know thy watches won't go—OW!

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Corse de Leon : a Romance, by G. P. R. James, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 12s. 6d.—The Divine Origin and Perpetual Obligation of Tithes, by a Clergyman of the Church of Scotland, 8vo. 12s.—Historical Notices of Sir M. Cradock, Knt., of Swansea, by the Rev. J. M. Traherne, royal 8vo. 4s.—Hundred of Corringham, No. 11. Gainsborough, No. 1. 8vo. 2s.—The Terms and Language of Trade and Commerce, by G. Roberts, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Precept and Example; or, Religion Recommended to Youth, 18mo. 2s.—Patrick Wellwood, second edition, fcap. 4s.—An Essay on the Genius of George Cruikshank, 8vo. 3s.—Greenwood's Studies of Forest Trees,

imperial 8vo. 7s. 6d.—The Reconciler; or, the Harmony &c. of the Divine Government and the Divine Sovereignty, 8vo. 10s.—Dr. Dore's Devotions, new edition, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—Improved Mode of Cultivating the Cucumber and Melon, by G. Mills, fcap. 10s.—Livy: with Notes, by Travers Twiss, Vol. III. 8vo. 9s. 6d.—Portraits of Children of the Mobility, 4to. 10s.—The Moneyed Man, by Horace Smith, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.—Portraits, Anecdotes, and Biographies of France, by a Traveller, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Observations on the Management of Madhouses, Part II., by C. Crowther, M.D. post 8vo. 2s. 6d.—J. Geary's Family Prayers for a Fortnight, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Hobbes' Opera Latina, Vol. III. 8vo. 12s.—Petersdorf's Abridgement of the Common Law, Vol. I. Part I. 8s.—James Harris's Works, 5 vols. in 1. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—The Hindoo and Mahomedan Periods of the History of India, by the Hon. M. Elphinstone, 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.—Lieutenant Wood's Journey to the Source of the River Oxus, 8vo. 14s.—Manners and Customs of the Japanese, post 8vo. 9s. 6d.—Bishop Heber's Postal Works, fcap. 8vo. 12s. 6d.—Sentences from the Proverbs in English, French, Italian, and German, 16mo. 3s. 6d.—Maynooth College; or, the Law afflicting the Grant to Maynooth, by J. Lord, 12mo. 9s.—Archbold on Criminal Pleading, 8th edition, 12mo. 20s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1841.

	February.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 11	From 25 to 30	29.74 to 29.65	
Friday .. 12 33 .. 46	29.58 .. 29.70	
Saturday .. 13 37 .. 46	29.63 .. 29.42	
Sunday .. 14 42 .. 49	29.17 .. 29.29	
Monday .. 15 40 .. 49	29.24 .. 29.11	
Tuesday .. 16 41 .. 51	29.08 .. 29.13	
Wednesday 17 36 .. 43	29.16 .. 29.50	

Winds, S.W. and S.E.

Except the afternoons of the 12th, 14th, and 16th, cloudy; a little rain fell on the 11th and four following days, small rain falling all the morning of the 17th.

Rain fallen, .47 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

London, 15th February, 1841.
The *Laocoon*.—Sir, In corroboration of the statement quoted from a Lyons paper in the last number of the *Literary Gazette*, I beg to offer an opinion that the original head of the principal figure in the group of the *Laocoon* is in the possession of the Duc d'Arenberg, at Brussels. In the autumn of the last year, I visited the palace of that nobleman, and was shown into the library. At one end of the long and handsome apartment was a bust, or head, sculptured in white marble, and apparently of antique and Grecian workmanship; beside it were placed two heads of plaster of Paris, one of which, I was informed, was a cast taken from the marble then before me, and the other was a cast from the head at the Vatican. I examined carefully the two plaster casts, to discover the difference between the two works, and I have no hesitation in saying that that which purported to have been taken from the marble in the library was very superior in character and expression, and much more correctly chiseled. My recollection of the group at Rome will not enable me to say positively that the head of its principal figure is a restoration; but I remember well that the group in question seemed to be made up of pieces. On turning to Mrs. Stark's "Guide to Italy," I find that both Michael Angelo and Bernini were engaged in the restoration of this group.—I am, &c. AN OLD READER.

We have a similar confirmation of these facts in a letter from Mr. John Roby, the author of "Traditions of Lancashire," &c. &c., whose personal observation of the Duc d'Arenberg's gallery establishes the superior character of the head in his possession.

We had occasion last week to allude to a case of rapid transmission of news from India to England, and our attention has since been directed to a journey performed by Mr. Parbury, a merchant in the City, which, on the same account, is not unworthy of notice. This gentleman arrived in England at the early part of January, having left the Himalaya Mountains at the latter end of October, proceeding to Bombay in native boats by the way of the Lattee and Indus rivers, and thence by the government steamer to Egypt. Mr. Parbury is, it is believed, the first individual who has adopted the route in question for the homeward journey from Calcutta; but he will hardly be the last when it is known he was enabled to travel through the most interesting portion of India, make lengthened halts at Agra, Delhi, and other celebrated cities, remain nearly a month in the mountains, and still reach home before many vessels which left Calcutta for the voyage round the Cape at the same time, and, indeed, earlier than himself.

The great interest of the papers on the Geology of Australia and the Assam Tea will, we are sure, more than atone for the curtailment of our review and scientific departments this week.

The paragraph from Shrewsbury on its next.

To *The Penny*.—We cannot begin the insertion of poems on the royal christening; not even the verses upon Prince Albert's ducking can tempt us to invade the province of "The Court Circular."

"On Medical Reform," under consideration for next week.

Poetry from "M. A." near Bristol, ditto.

"Rusticus" must excuse us till next week, as we have not yet been able to find the notice to which he refers.

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Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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